

DELL

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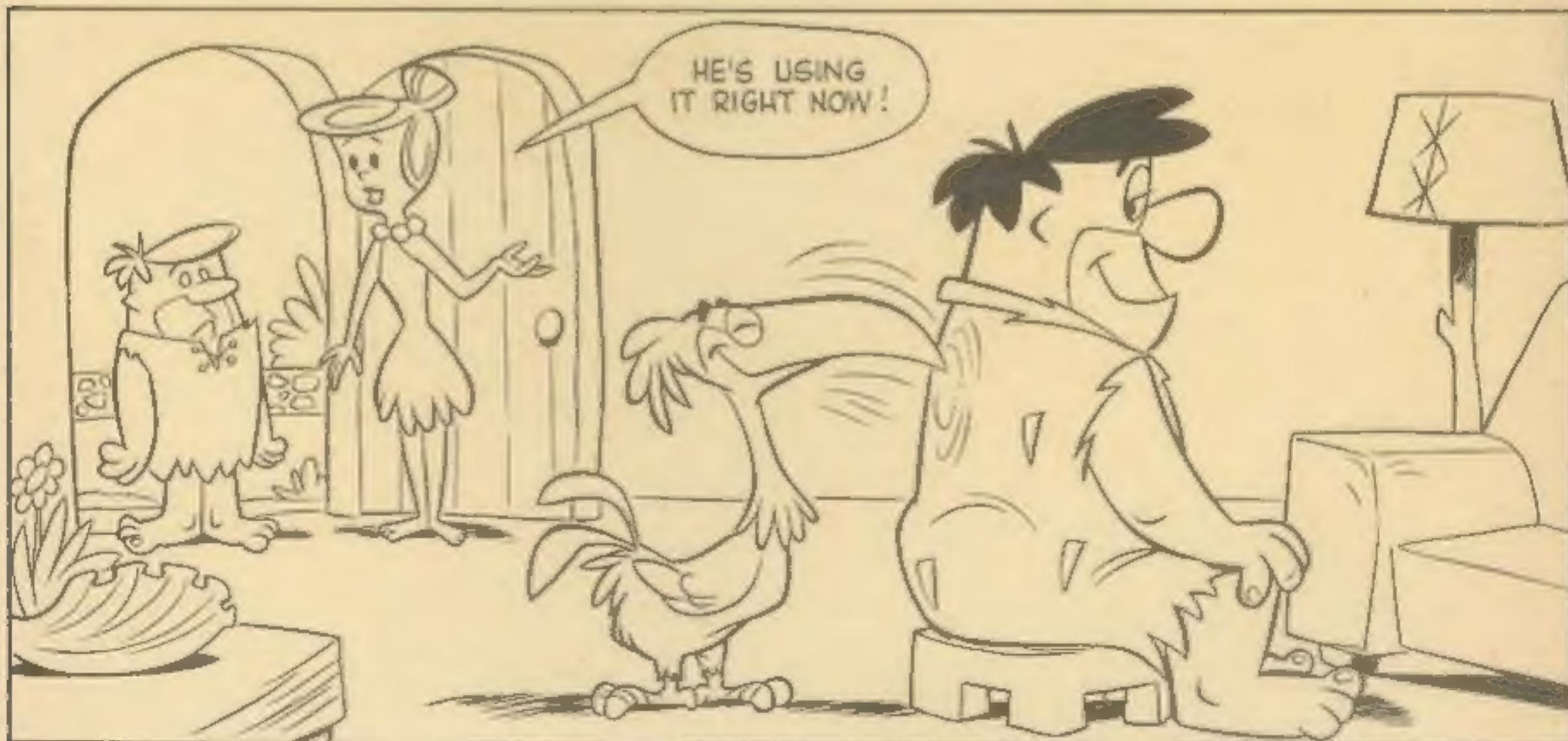
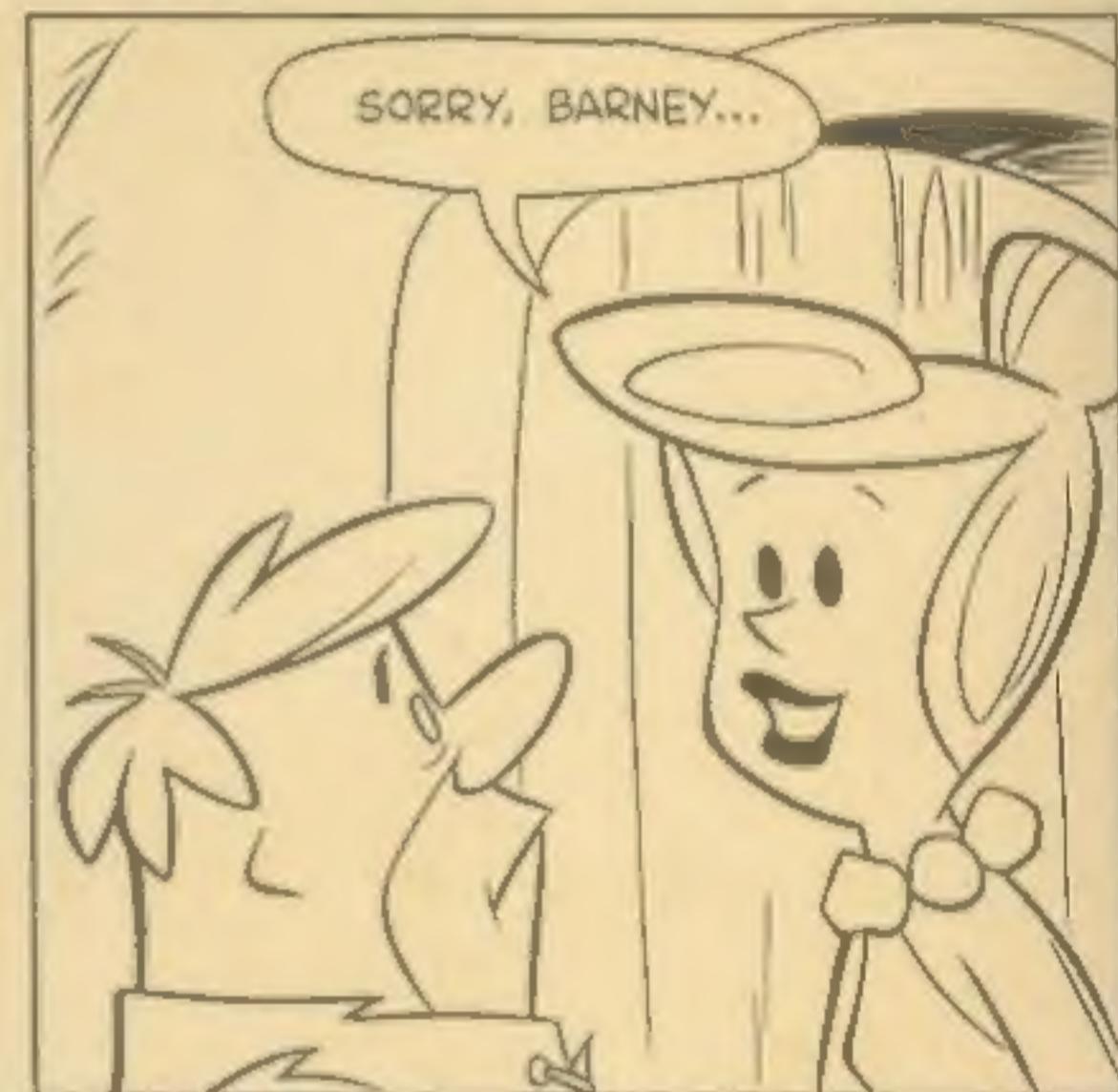
Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES

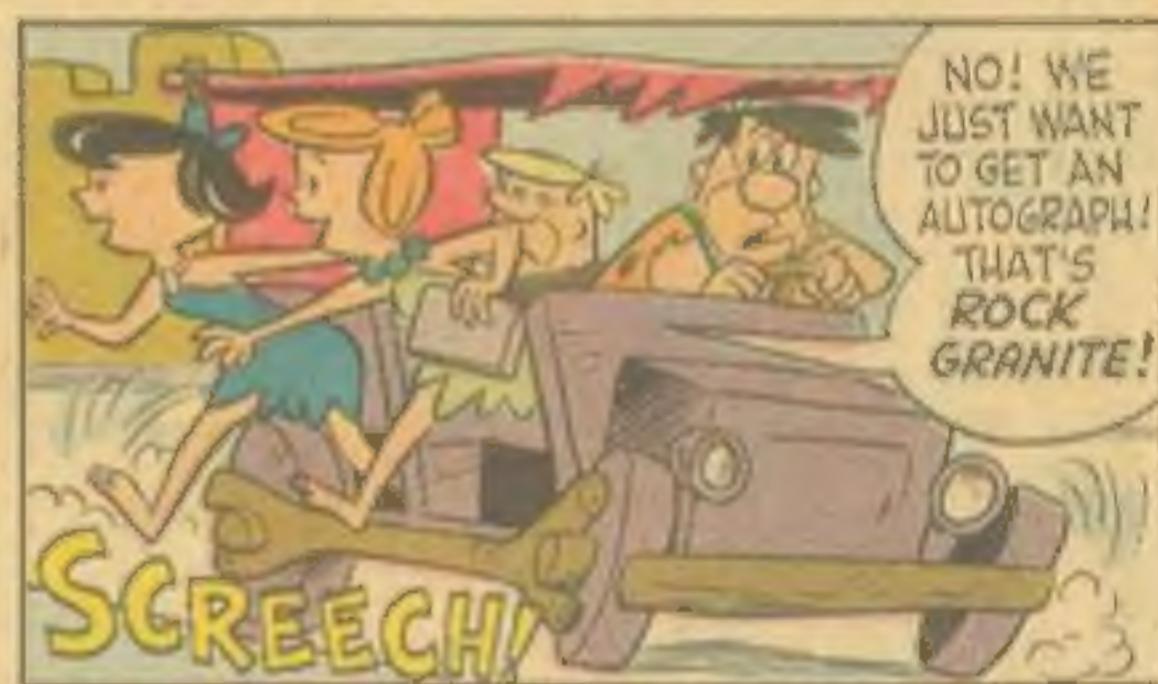
HANDY LITTLE
GADGET



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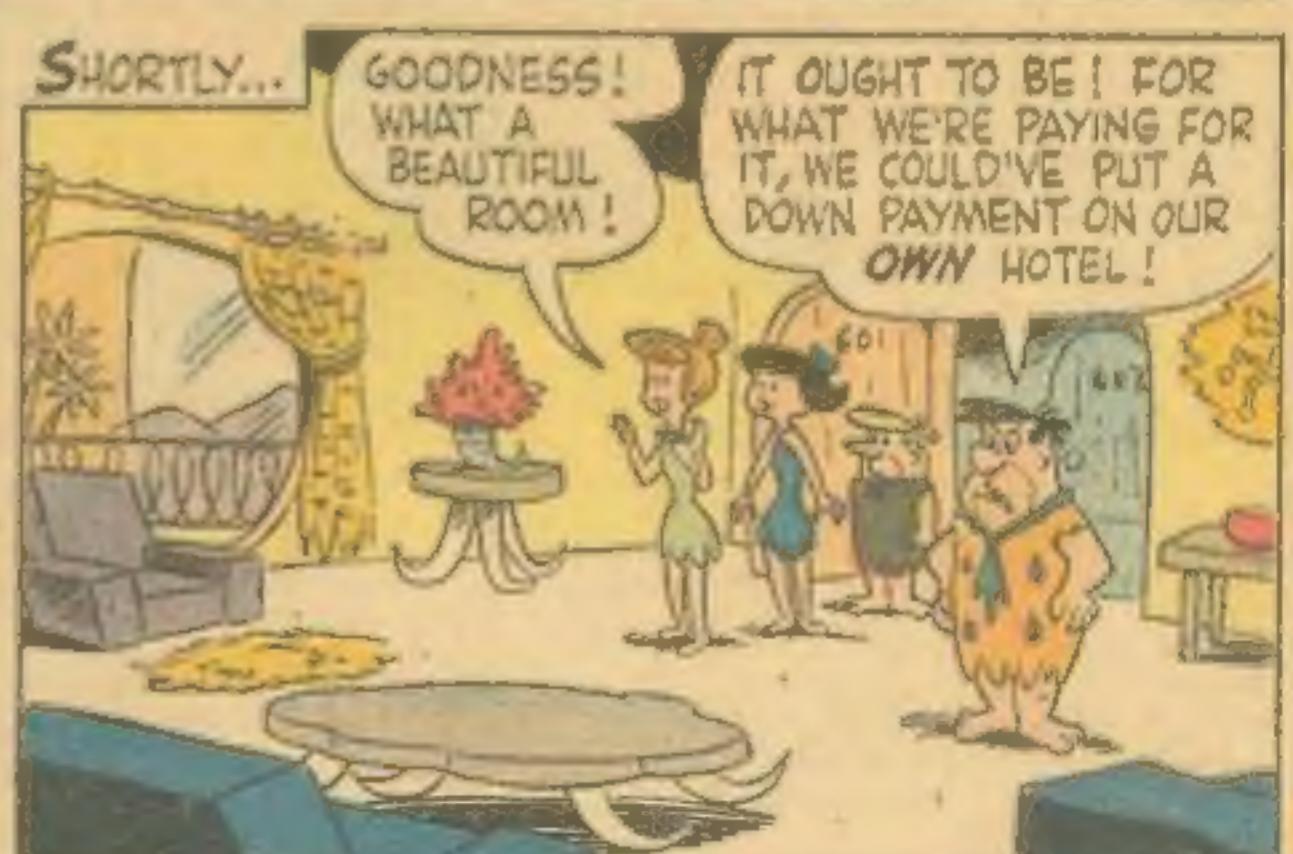
HOLLYROCK HOLIDAY



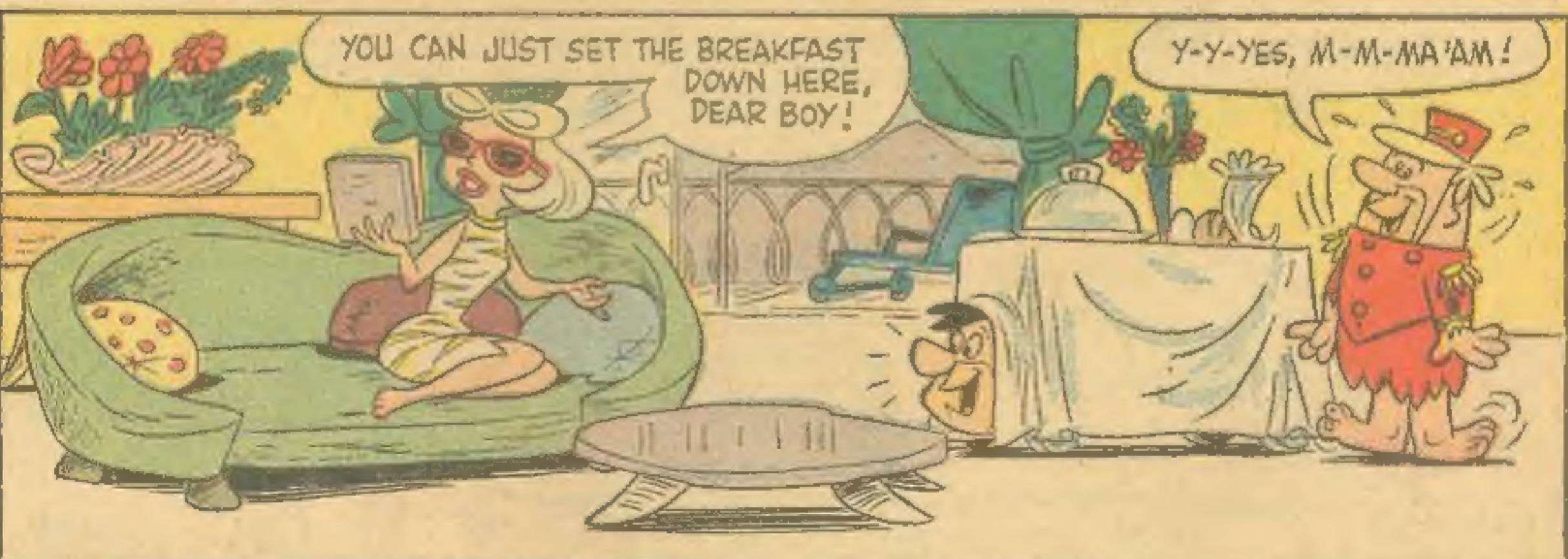
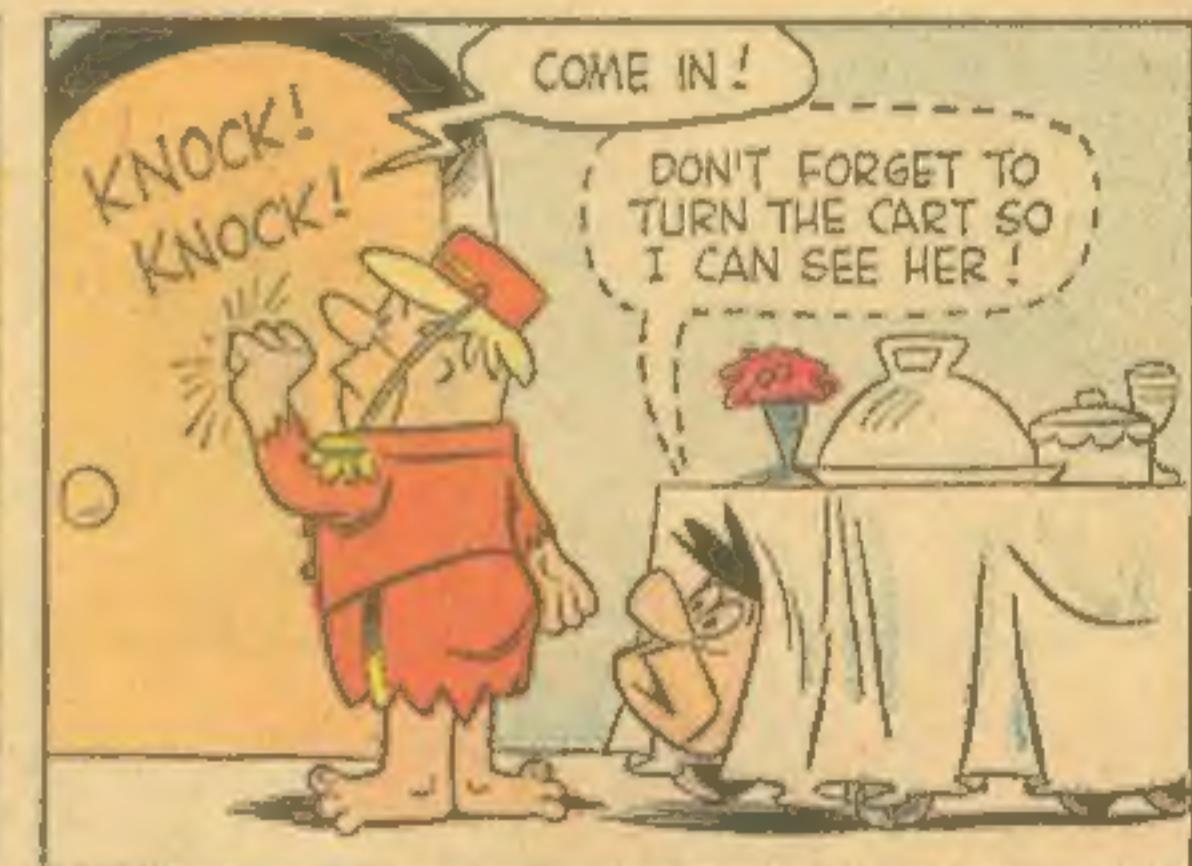
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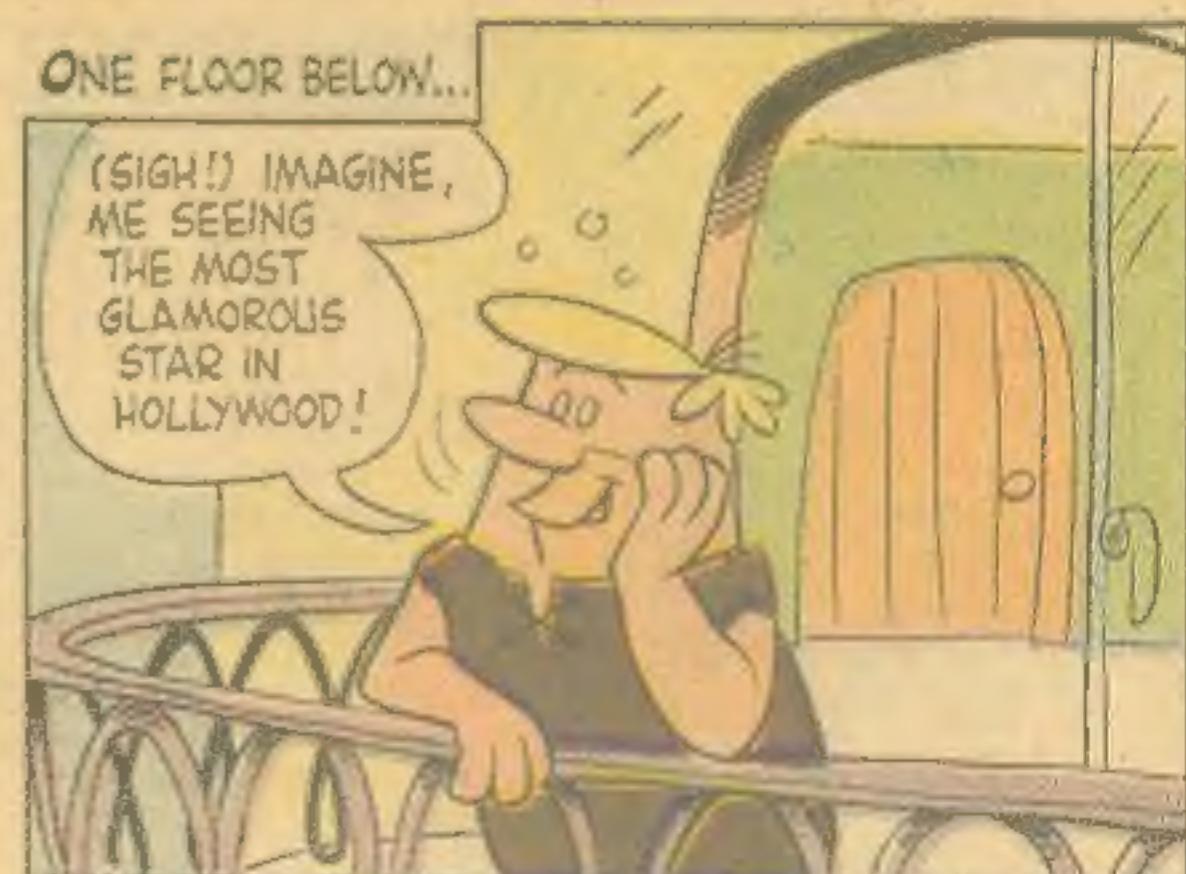
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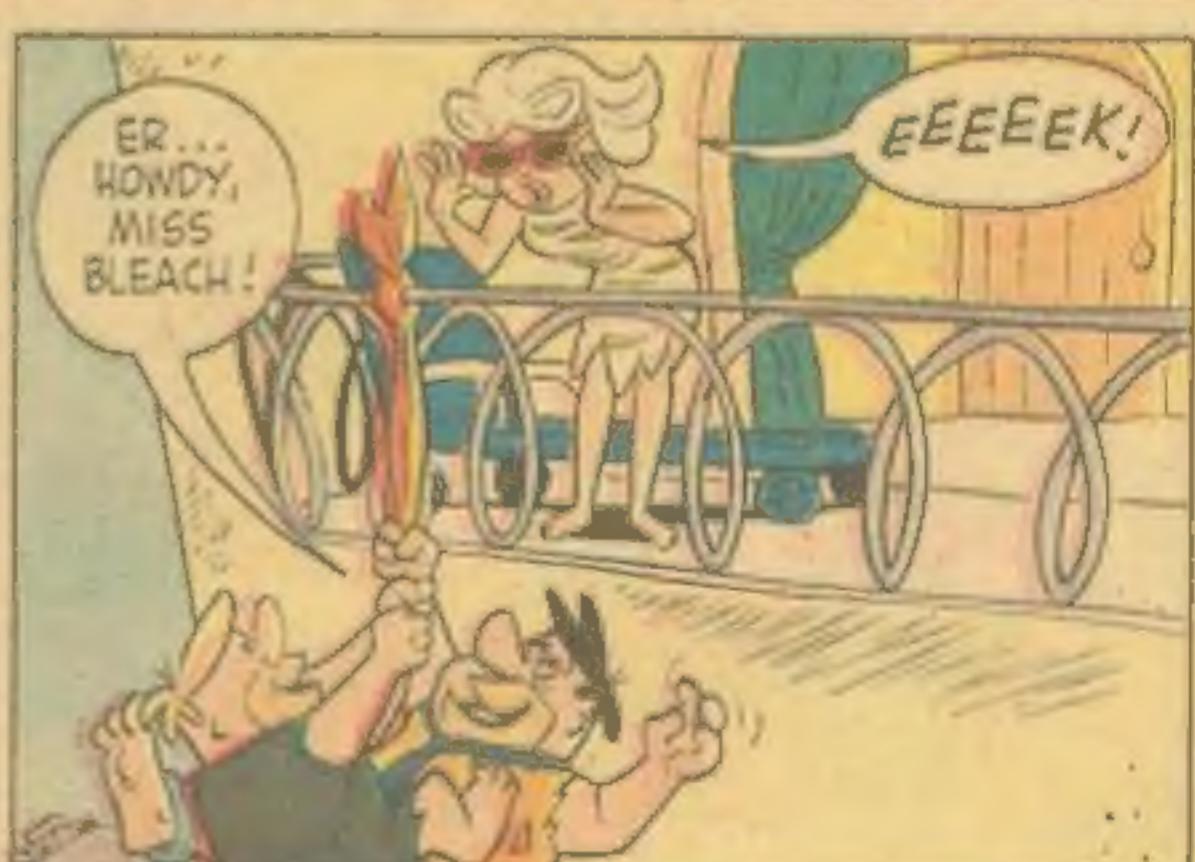
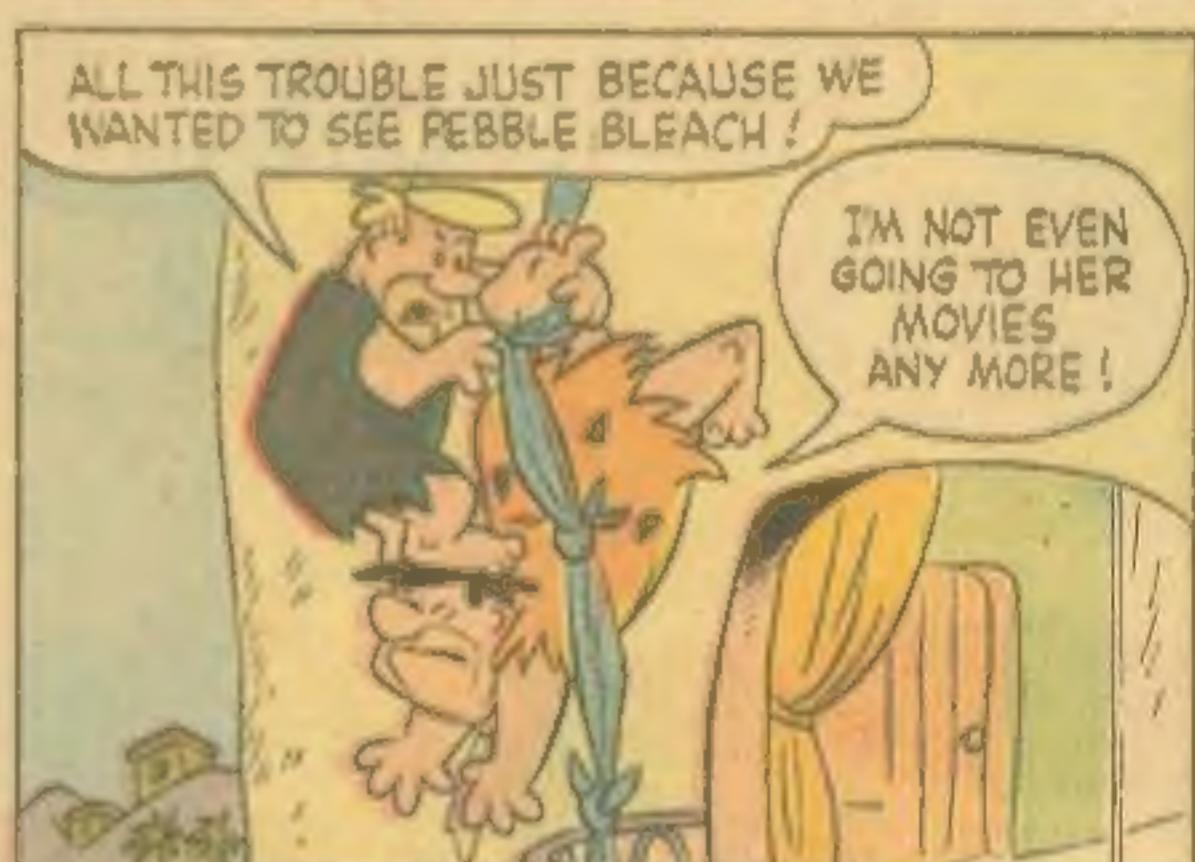
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Hanna-Barbera

THE
FLINTSTONES

GOLFBALL BRANNIGAN

HO HO ! OLD SMARTY
BARNEY HAS BEATEN ME
FOR THE LAST TIME !
"WHY DIDN'T I THINK
OF THIS IDEA
BEFORE ?

YOO HOO !
COME ON,
FRED !



TODAY'S OUR DECIDING MATCH, YOU KNOW !
WHOEVER LOSES HAS TO CARRY THE WINNER'S
CLUBS FOR A WHOLE MONTH ! HEH...EVERY
TIME WE PLAY !

HOLD YOUR HORSES !

I'M READY FOR YOU, PAL !
AND WHEN WE GET OVER
TO THE GOLF COURSE,
YOU'RE IN FOR A
SURPRISE !

A SURPRISE ?



GEE ! I HOPE
IT ISN'T BETTER
THAN MY
SURPRISE !

YES SIREE ! YOU'LL SOON SEE
HOW THE INVENTIVE MIND OF
FRED FLINTSTONE IS ABOUT
TO IMPROVE THE GAME OF
STONE
AGE
GOLF !

OKAY ! NOW TAKE A LOOK ! SEE ! I
CHIPPED AND RUBBED ONE
OF MY BALLS PERFECTLY
ROUND !

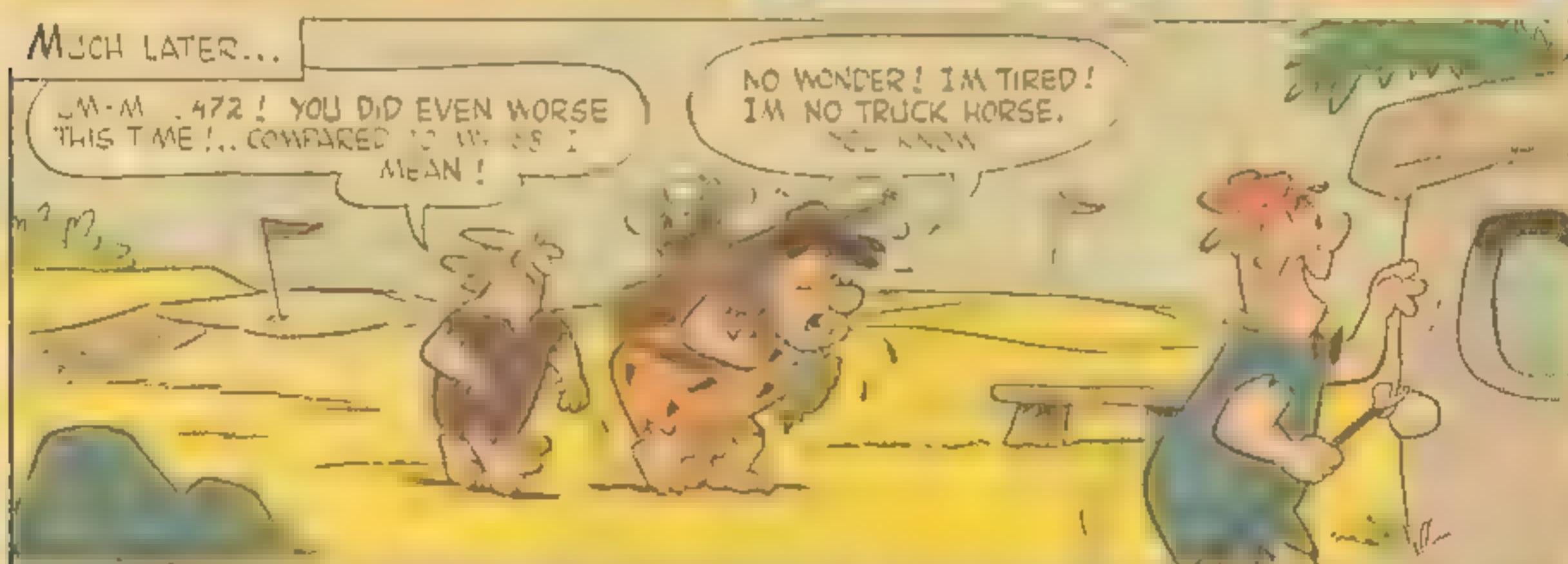
A PERFECTLY
ROUND GOLF
BALL ?

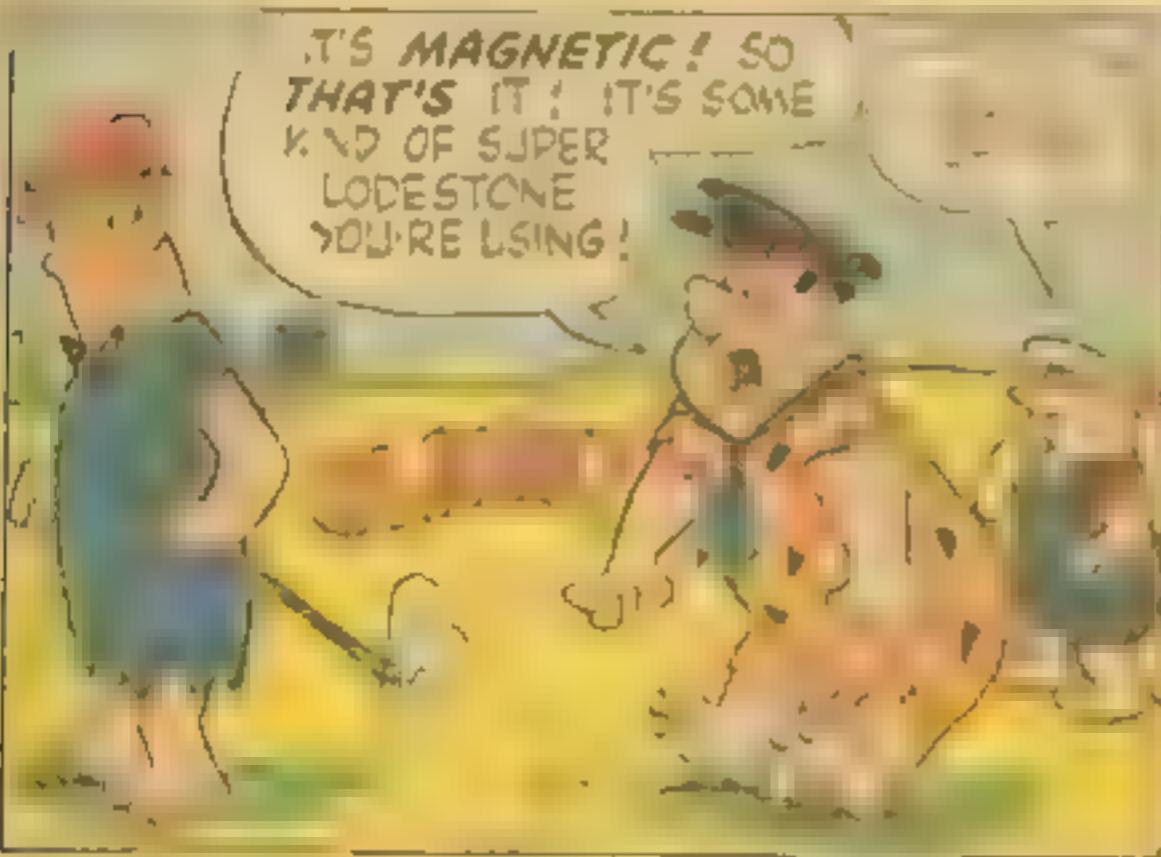
MY WORD !
WHAT NEXT ?





AND SEVENTEEN HOLES LATER...

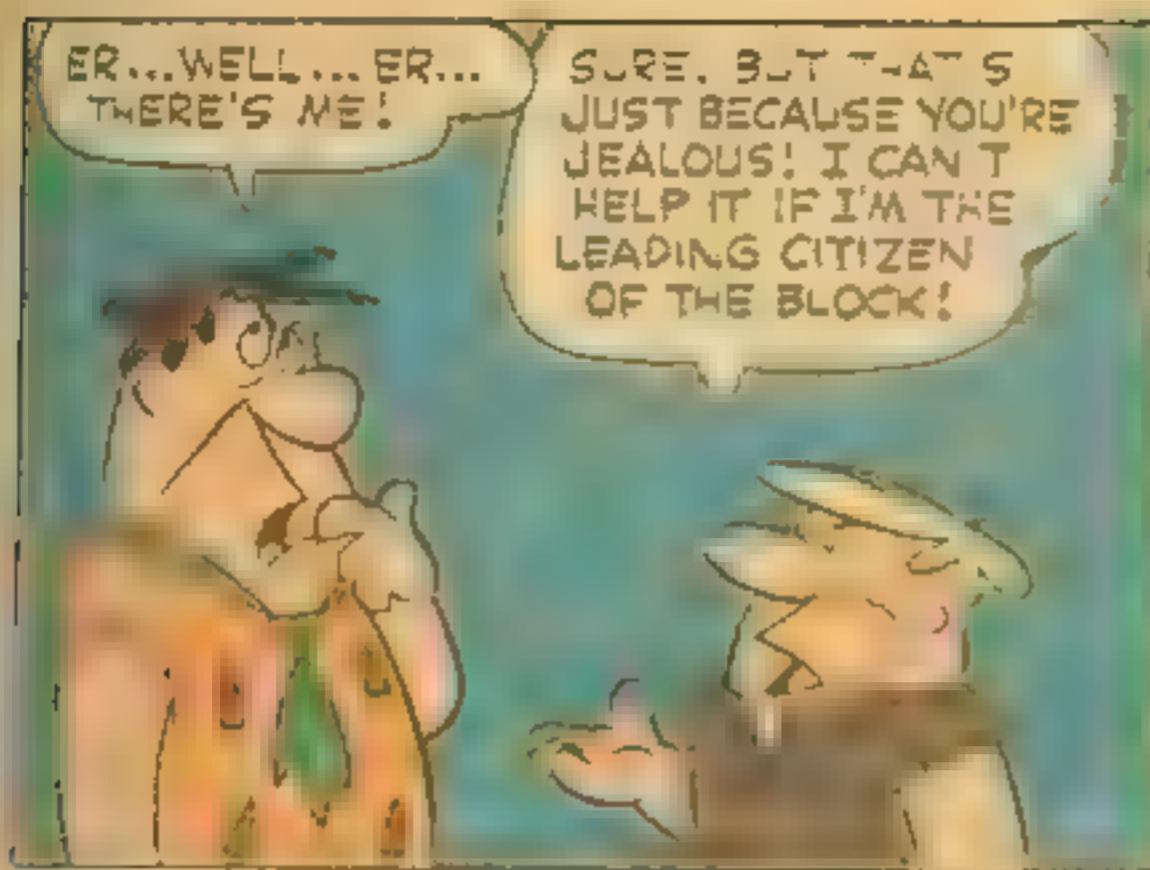


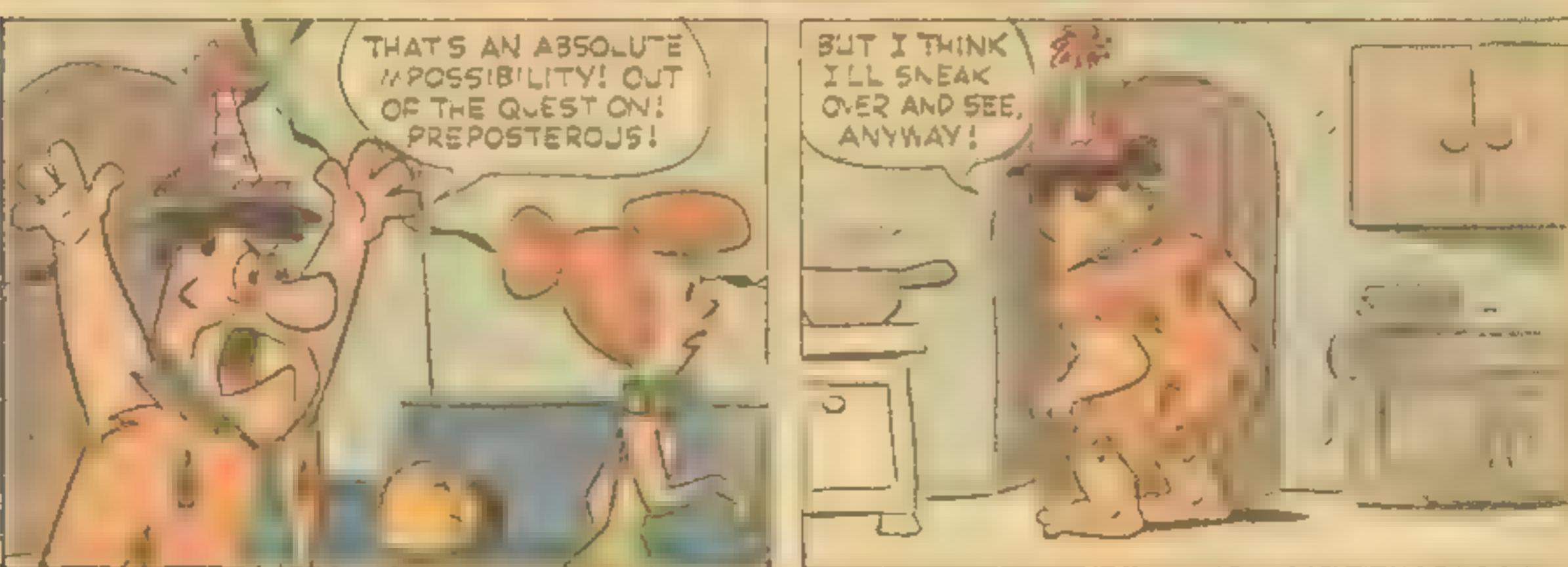
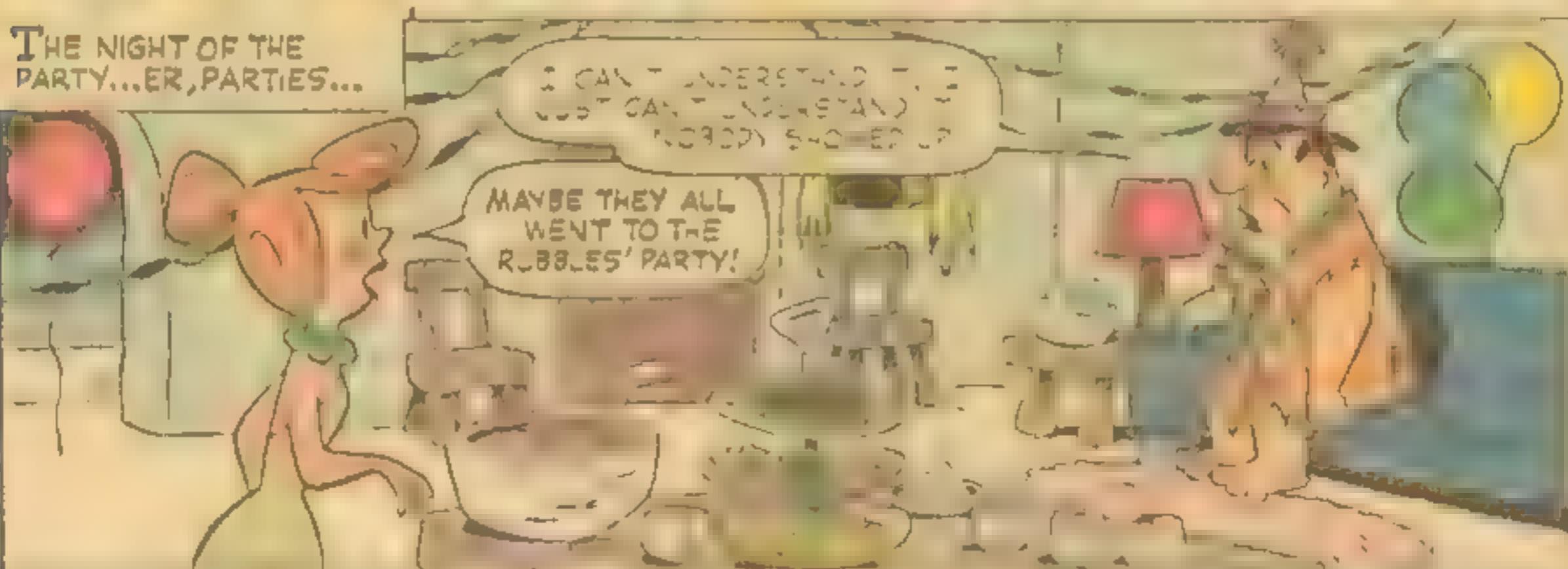
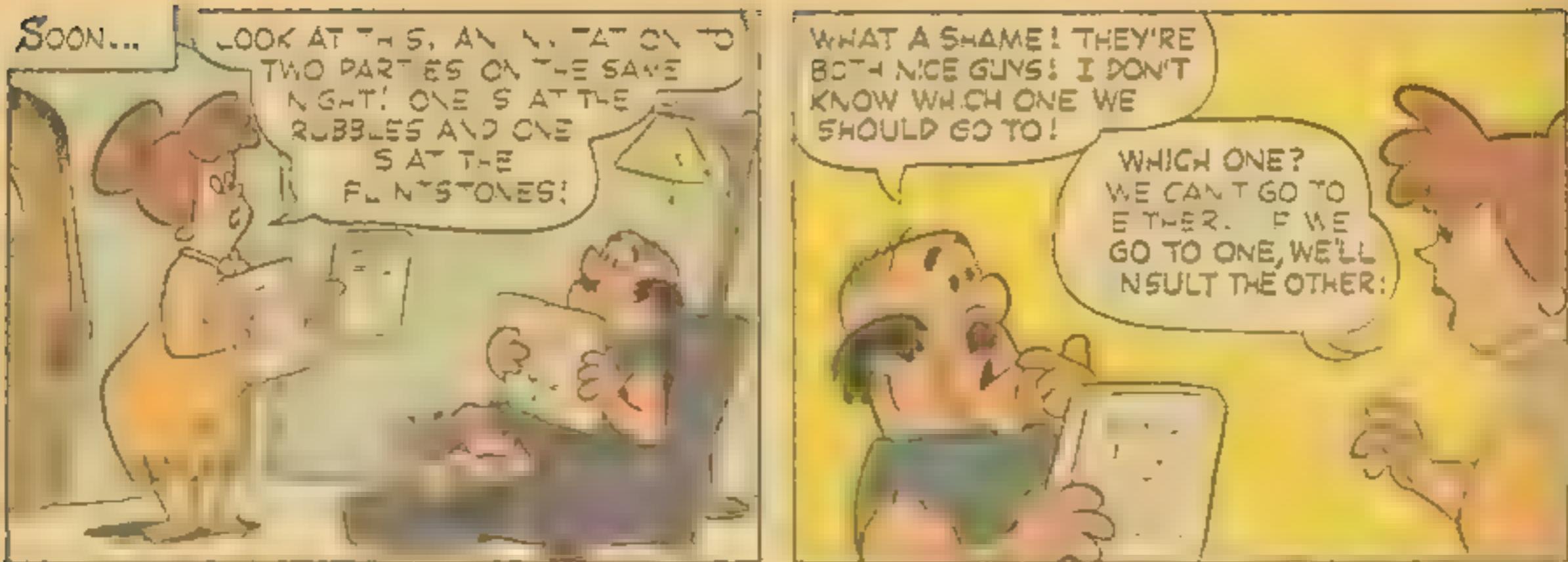


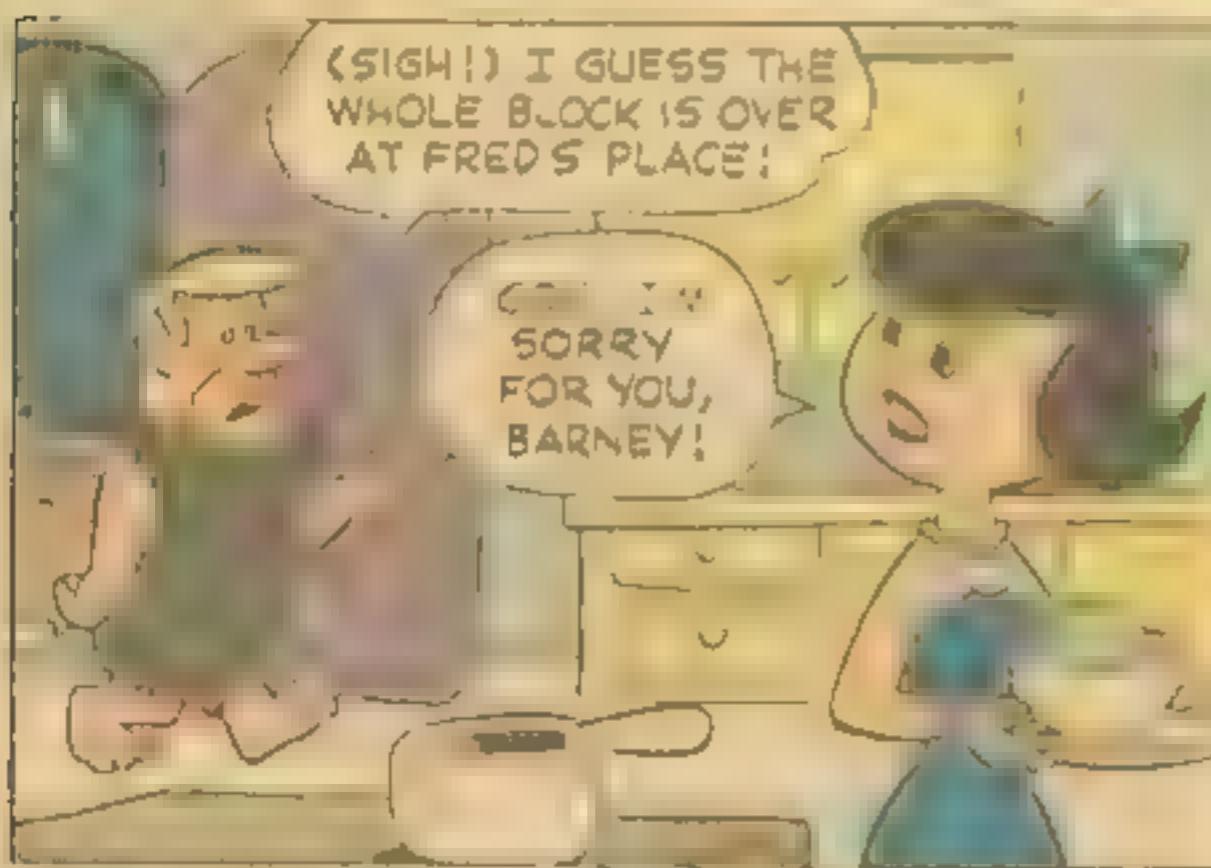
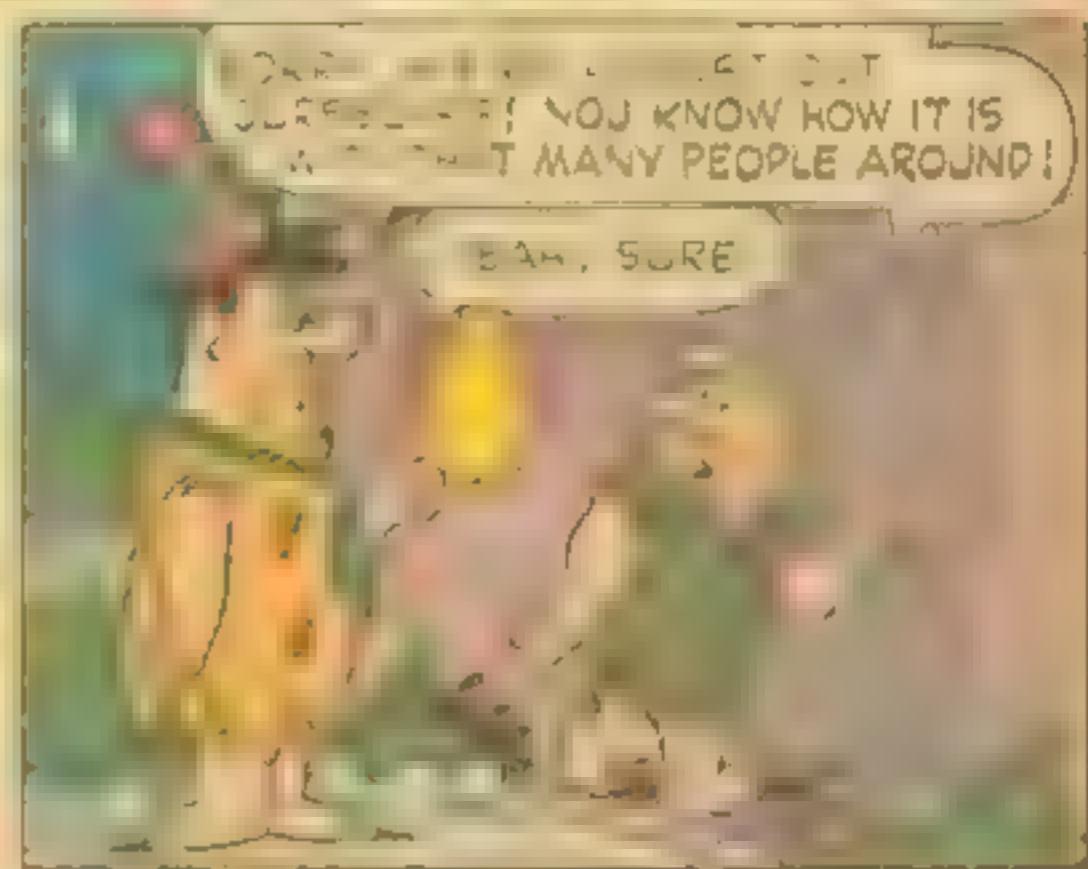
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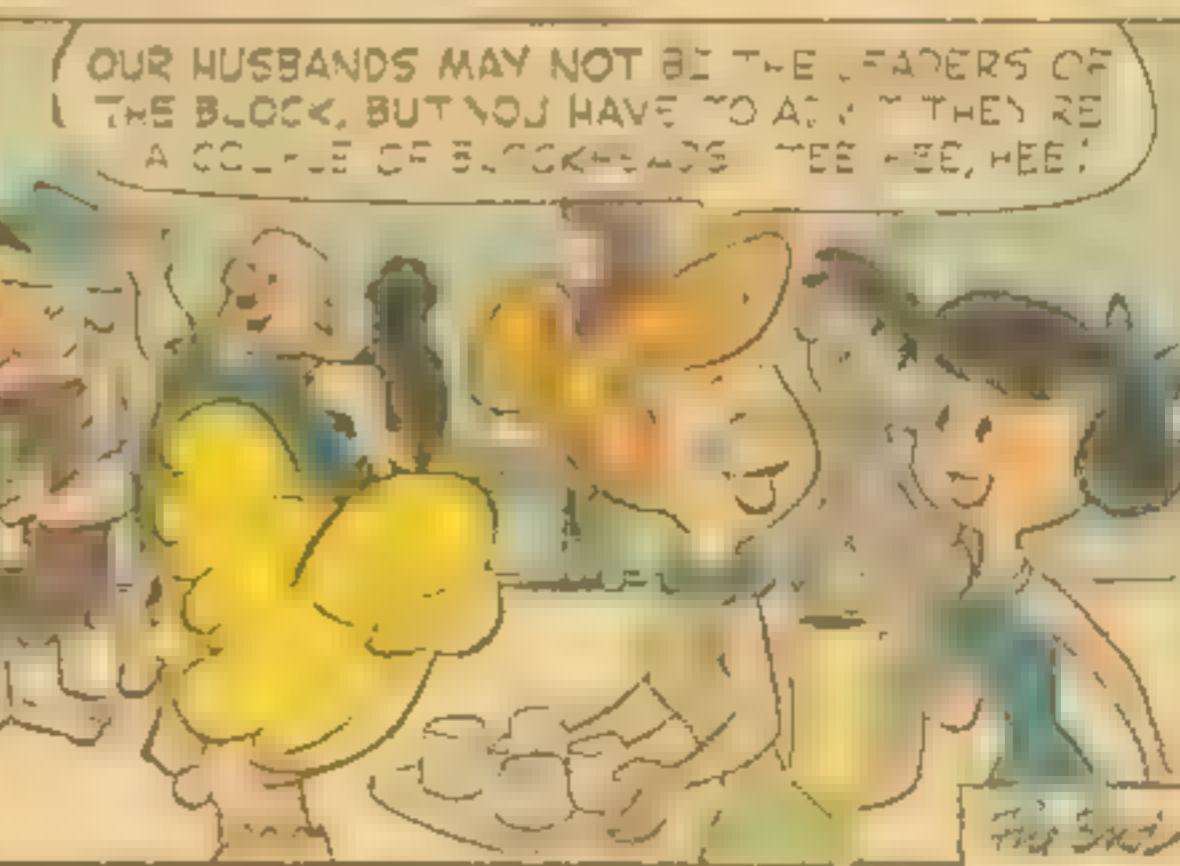
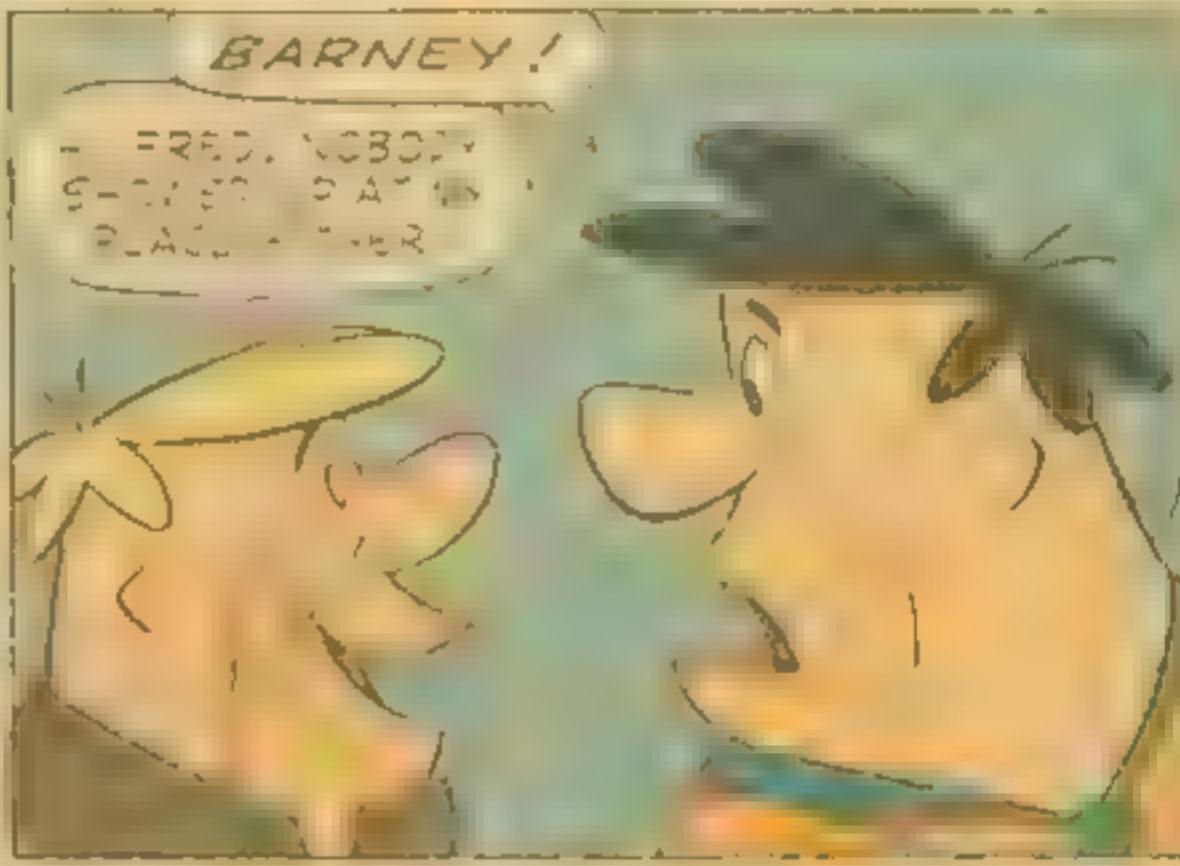
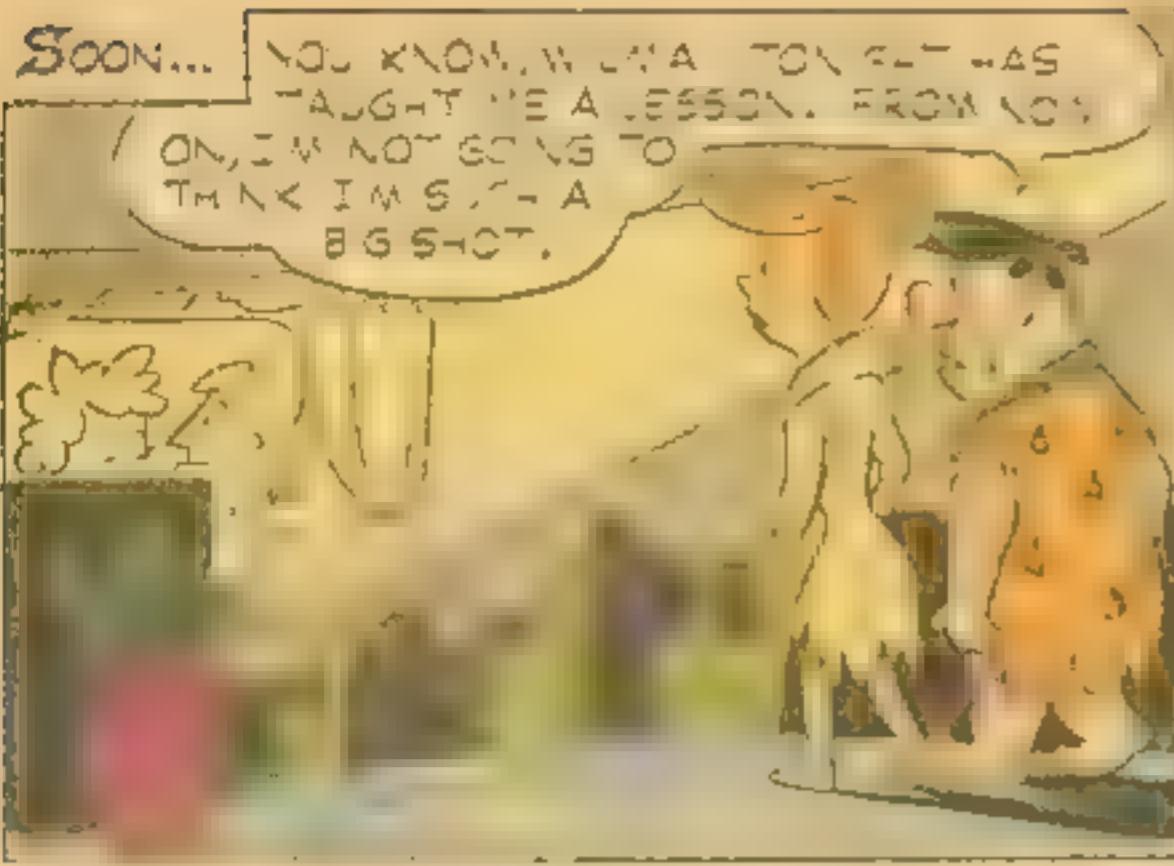
POPULARITY CONTEST











HAPPY LOSER



"What I have to do," said Sandy Stone, "is win the Rockpit Beach swimming cup."

"You'd better," Sally warned, "or Paul Pebble's name is mud!"

For years Paul Pebble had taught swimming at Rockpit Beach. Standing on the sand, his faded tigerskin toga flapping around his thin legs, he had commanded generations of kids to "kick, two, three, four." Each beginning class (Paul called them "tadpoles") had obediently kicked, two, three, four, and soon had found themselves swimming. Sally and Sandy had taken Paul's lessons, and Sandy was now Paul's prize pupil.

Paul's troubles began when Bob Boulder, a champion athlete, had come to Rockpit and started giving swimming lessons, too. Soon after Bob appeared, a strange rumor made the rounds. It was said that Paul Pebble, venerable instructor at Rockpit, really did not know how to swim! It could not be true, Sandy and Sally assured each other. Yet, they had to admit that Paul never went into the water. He did all his teaching from the beach.

"I'll bet Bob Boulder made up that story about Paul," Sandy muttered, staring at the crowd that had come to the beach for the mid-summer water festival. Paul Pebble was there, quietly watching Bob Boulder's beginning class splash offshore. Paul's own class of "tadpoles" was the smallest ever this year — only three pupils!

"It's sure hurting Paul," Sally sighed. "Sandy, you've got to win today. Casey Cartridge is Bob Boulder's best advanced swimmer. Beat him and you will really give Paul's reputation a big boost!"

Soon, Mayor Limerock announced the race for the advanced swimmers.

"Wish me luck," Sandy said, taking his place at the end of the jetty, along with Casey

Cartridge and a few other boys.

"Ready . . ." cried the mayor. "Go!"

The boys headed for the big rock in the bay. Each boy had to swim to the rock, touch it, turn, and race back to the jetty.

Sandy and Casey, evenly matched, soon left the other racers behind. The rock loomed nearer and nearer, then both boys touched it and turned back.

Casey was beginning to tire. His breath came raggedly. Sandy, swimming smoothly, now could pick out the faces on the jetty. He stroked faster, pulling ahead of Casey, who was beginning to thrash a bit.

"Just a few yards," Sandy thought.

He was reaching for the side of the jetty when it happened — a sharp pain in his stomach. Sandy doubled up, choking on salt water. He was dimly aware of Casey speeding past to finish the race.

There was a splash beside Sandy, and strong hands pulled at him. He recalled nothing else until he found himself on his back on the jetty, the sun in his eyes and Sally bending over him anxiously.

"I goofed it," Sandy groaned. "What a time to get a cramp! I lost!"

"Maybe," Sally said, "but you sure fixed Paul up solid."

"Solid? How?" Sandy sat up and saw Paul. The old instructor was the center of a throng of people. Everyone was trying to shake his hand at once. And, wonder of wonders, Paul was dripping wet!

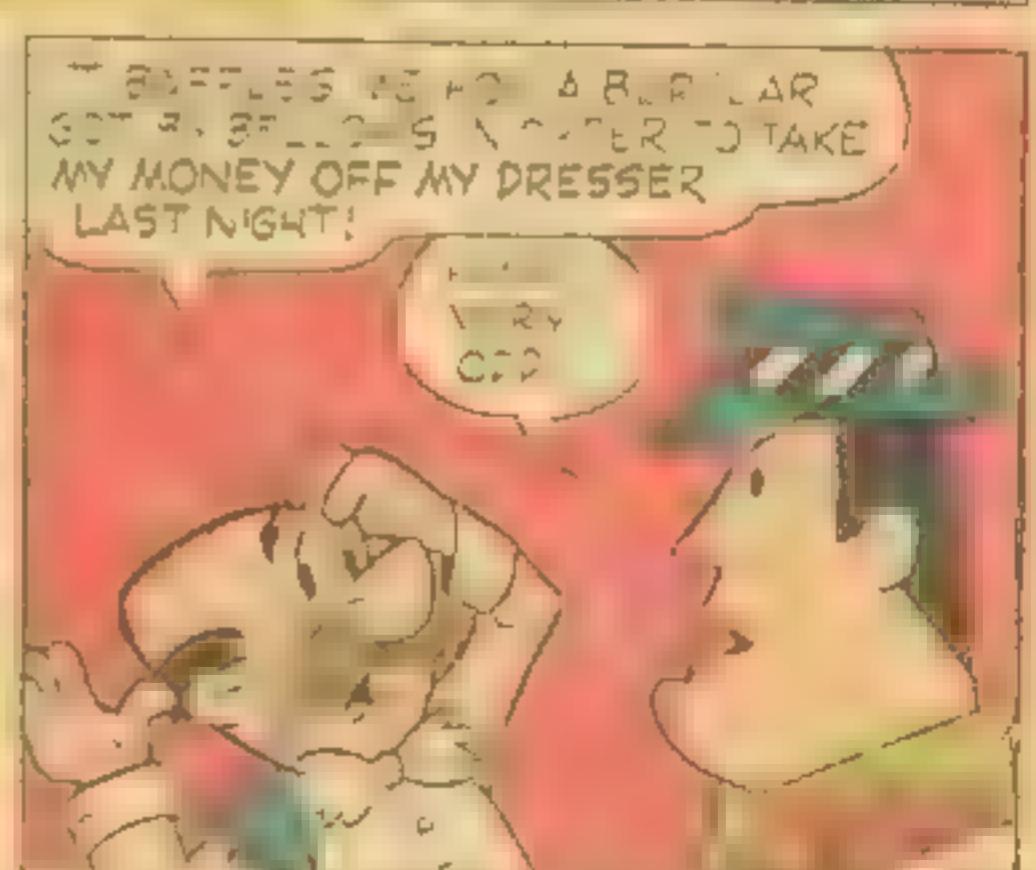
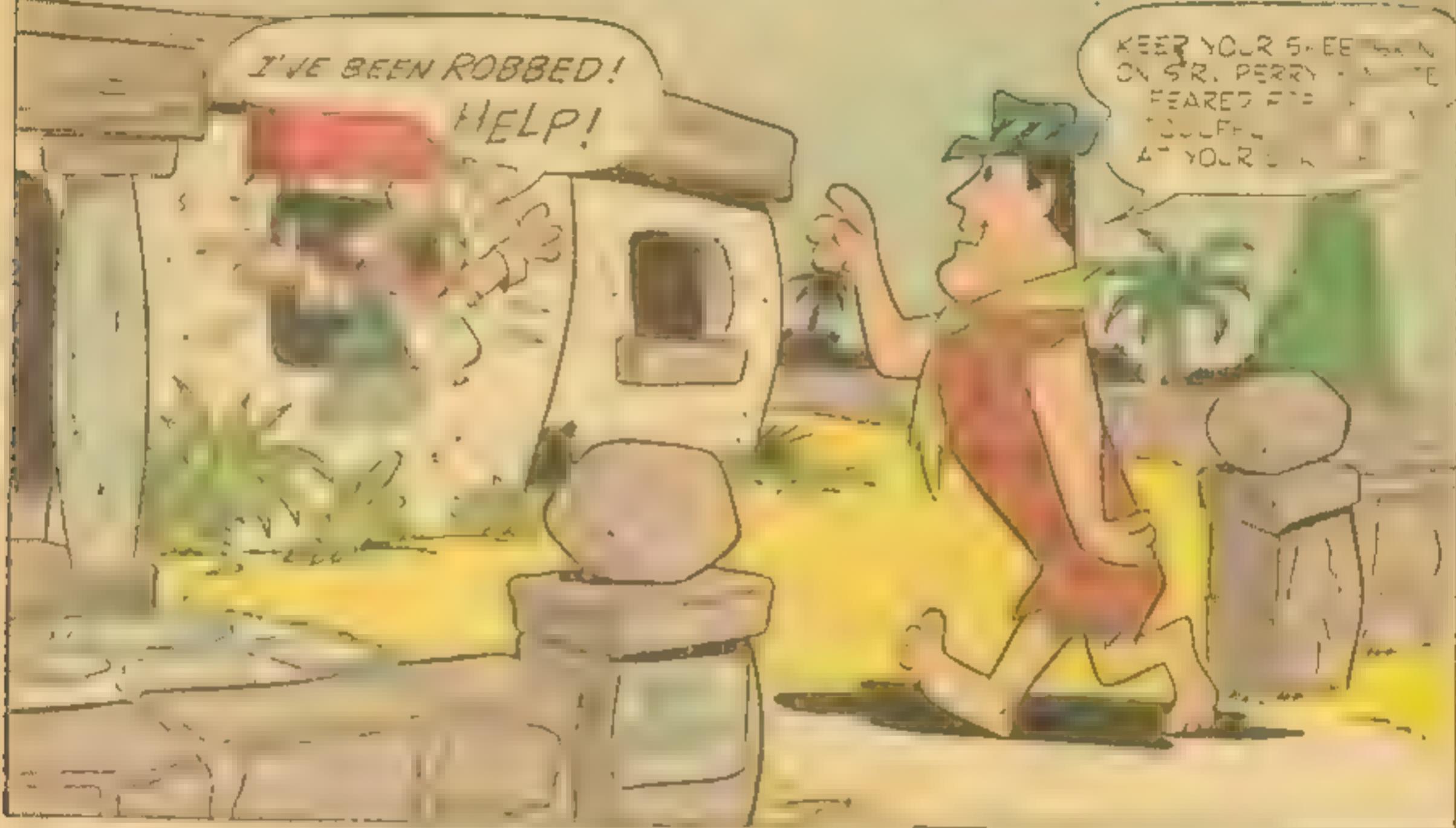
"Paul dived in and rescued you," Sally explained. "He saved your life, and you, for once and all, proved that Paul can really swim."

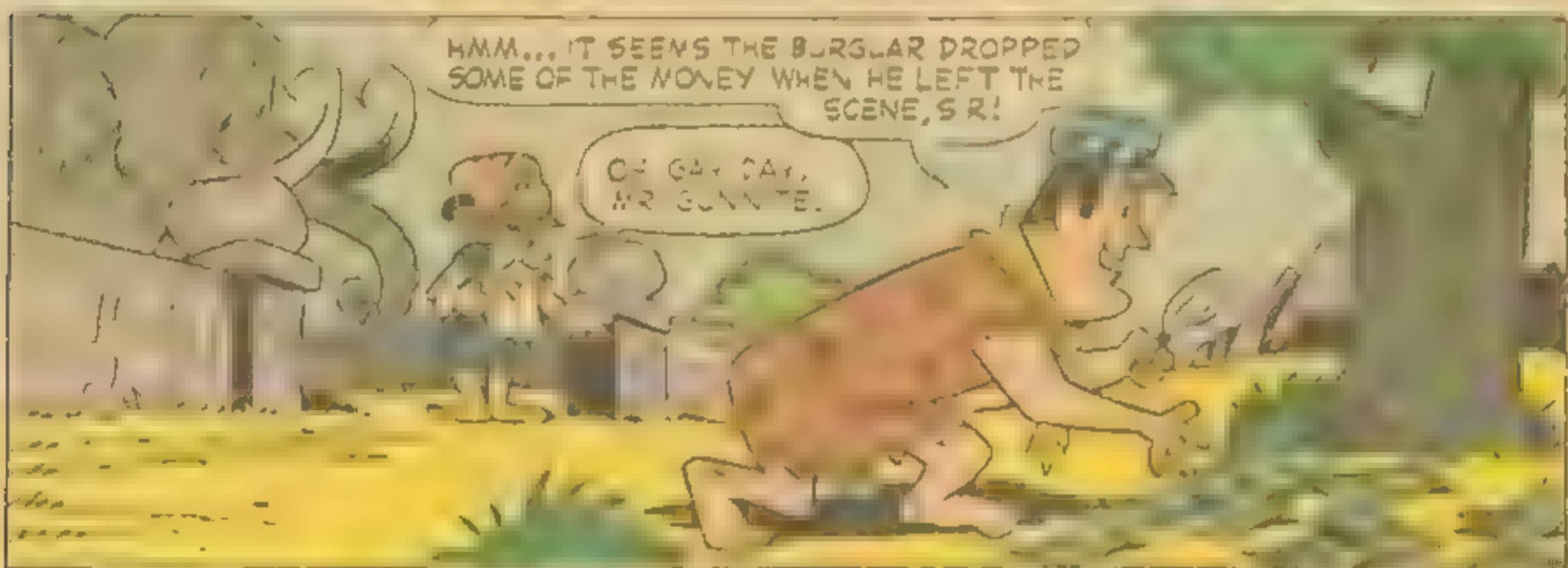
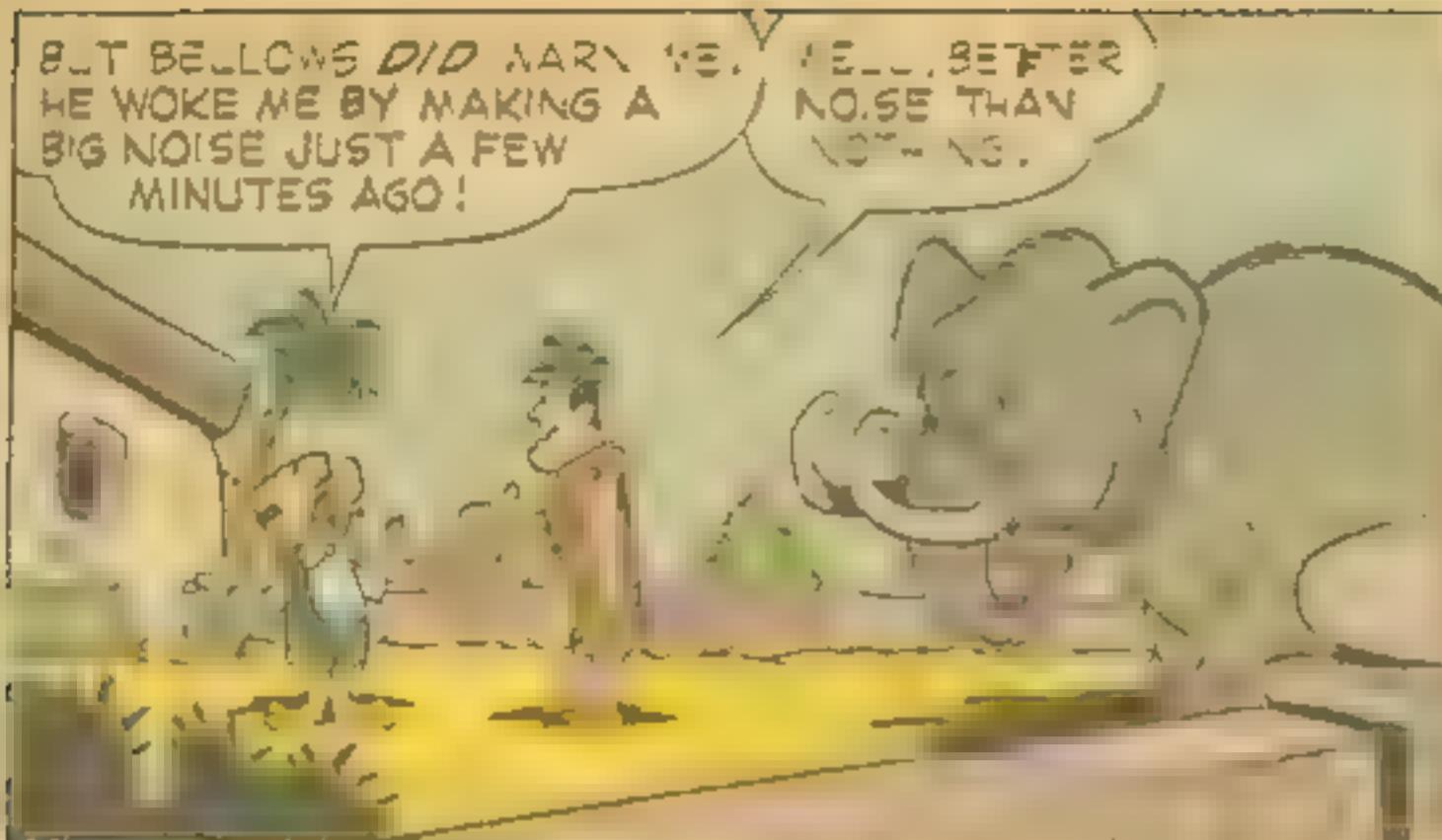
Sandy tried to reach Paul to thank him, but he could not... too many parents were entering their young children in Paul Pebble's "tadpole" class.

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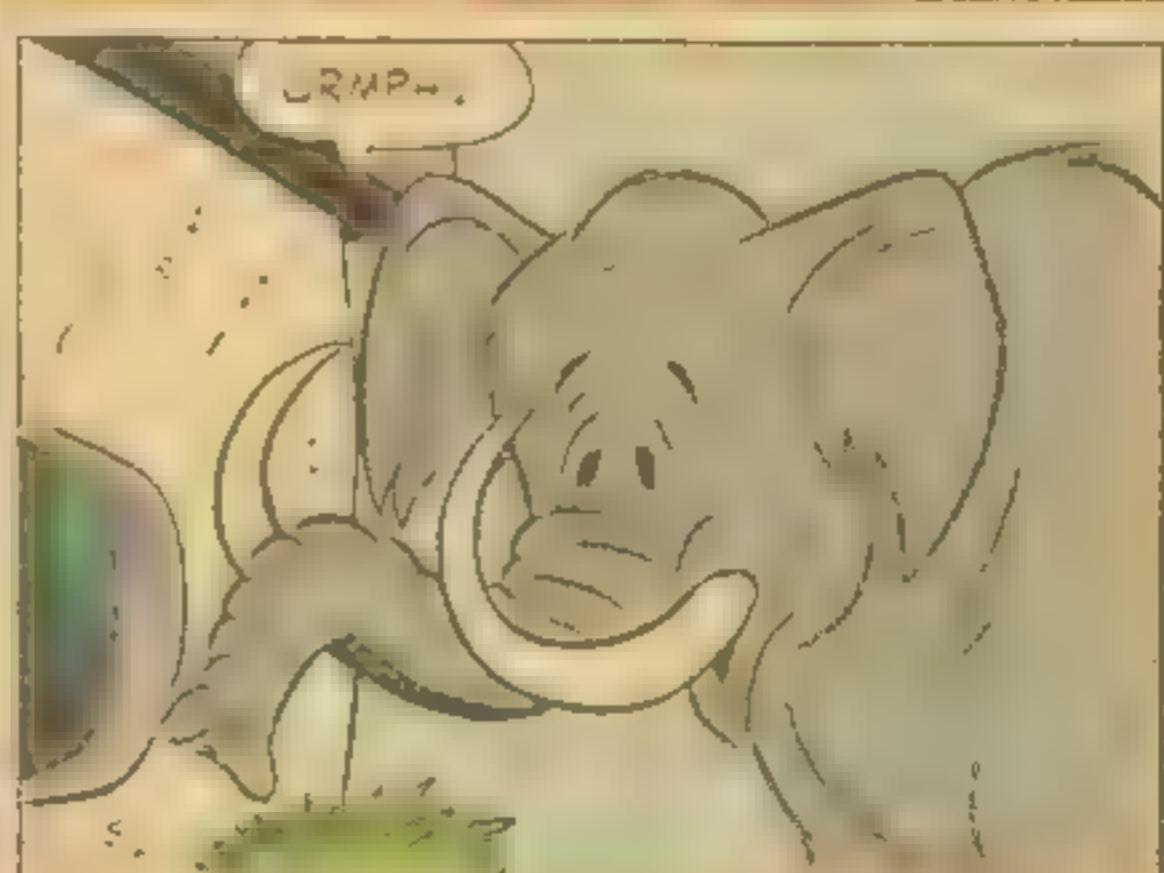
PERRY
GUNNITE

The INSIDE-OUT JOB





BUT ALL THROUGH
THE NIGHT...

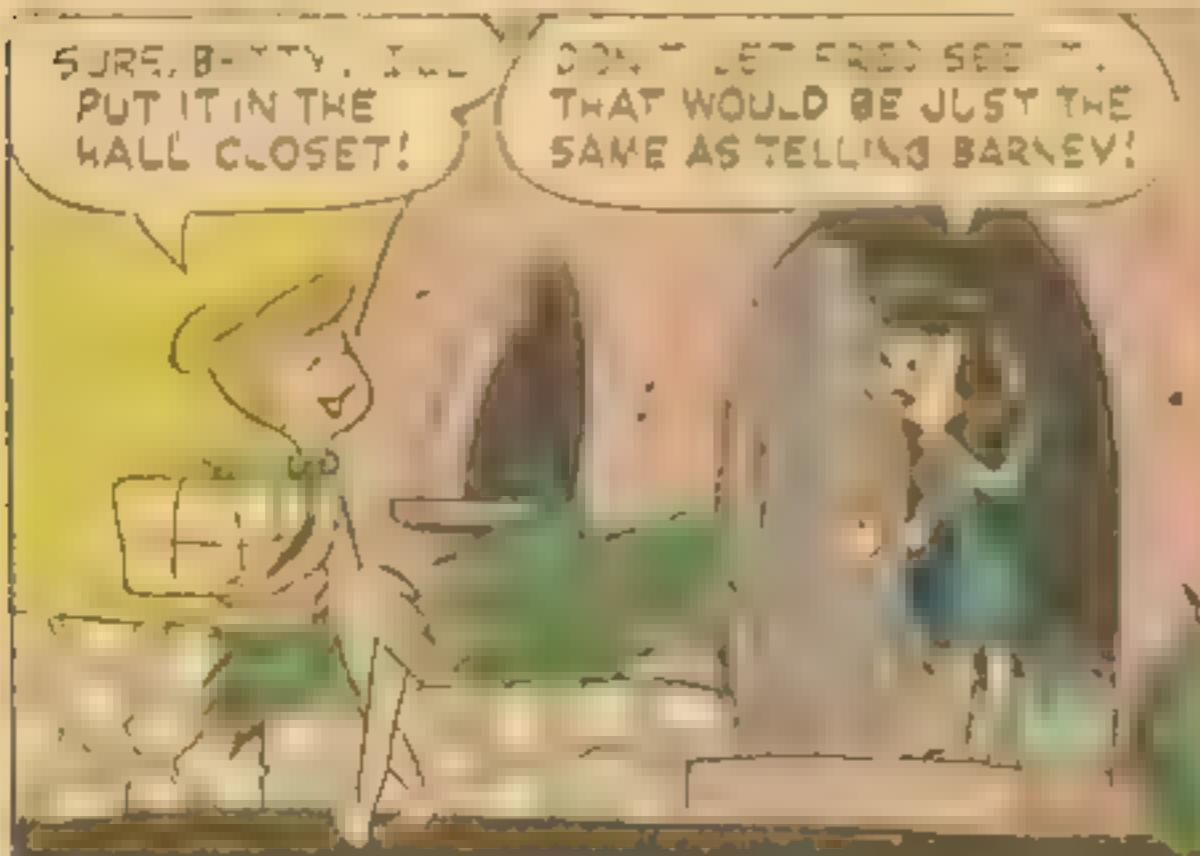
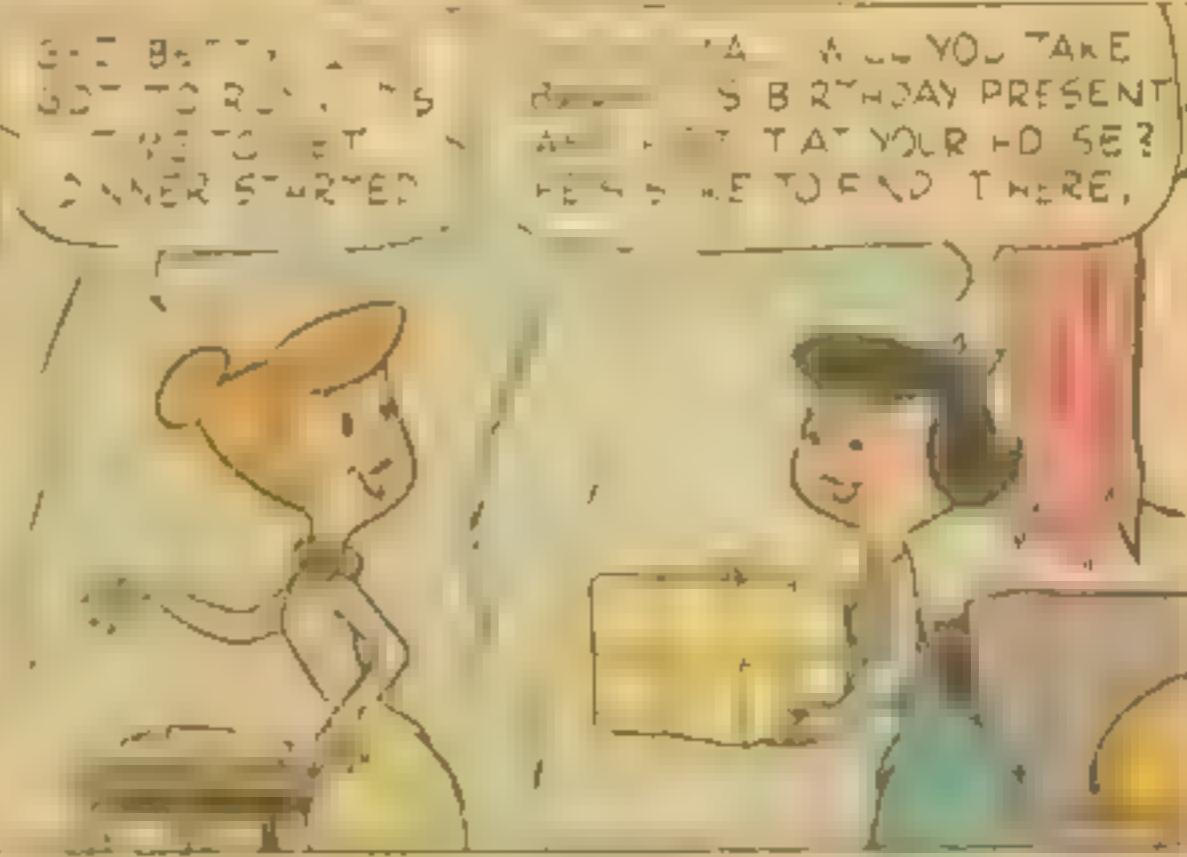
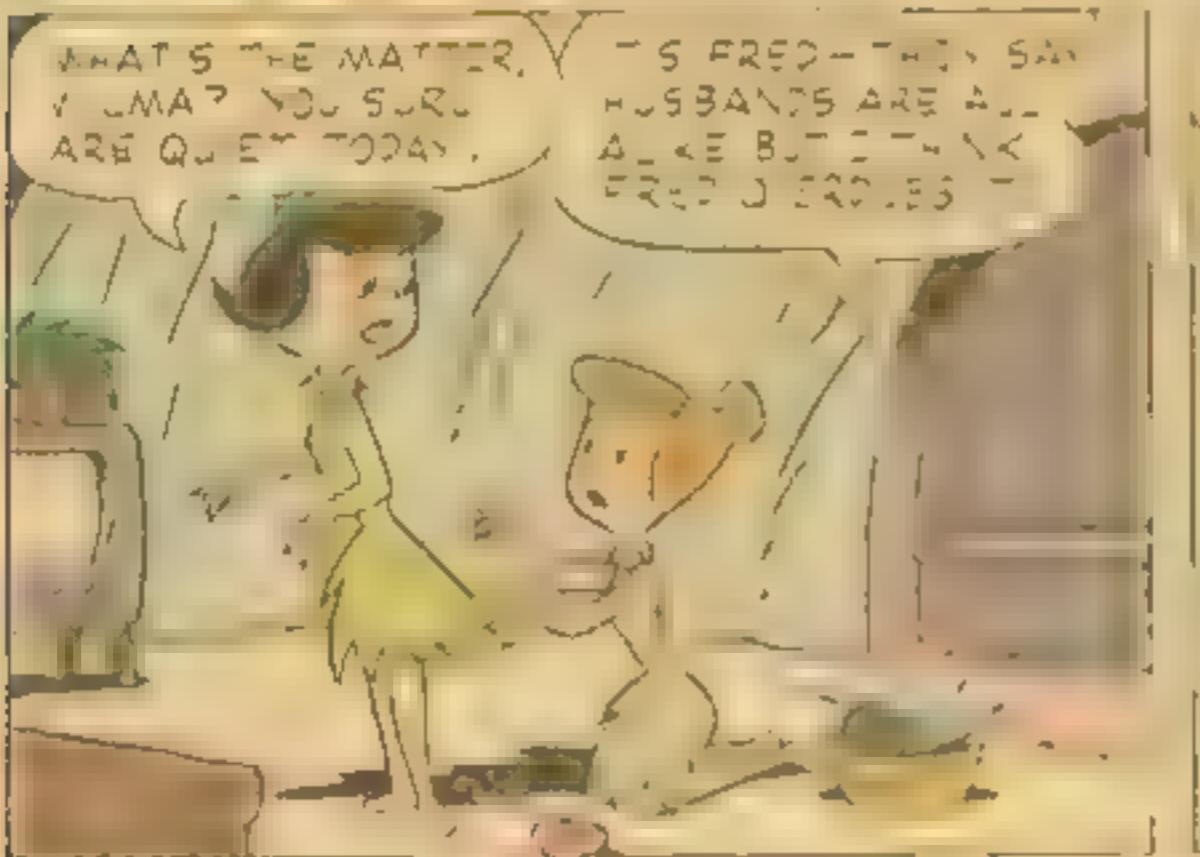


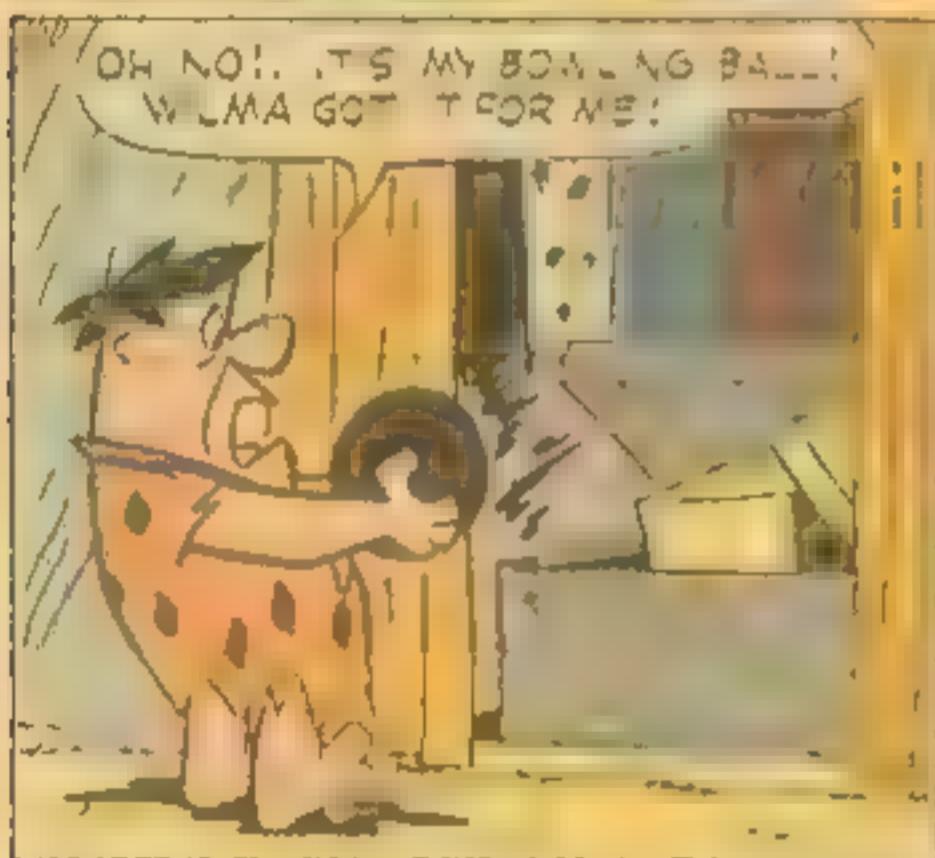


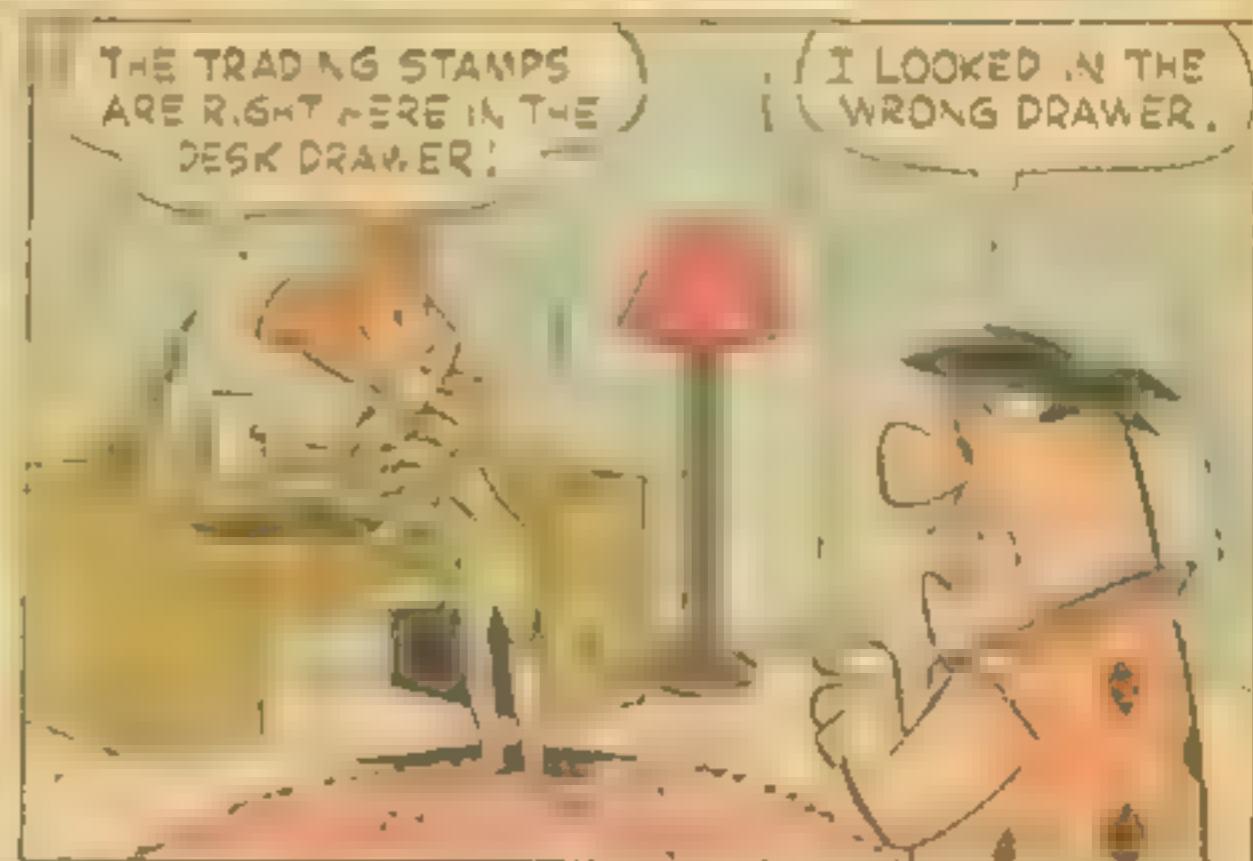
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STAMP HAPPY









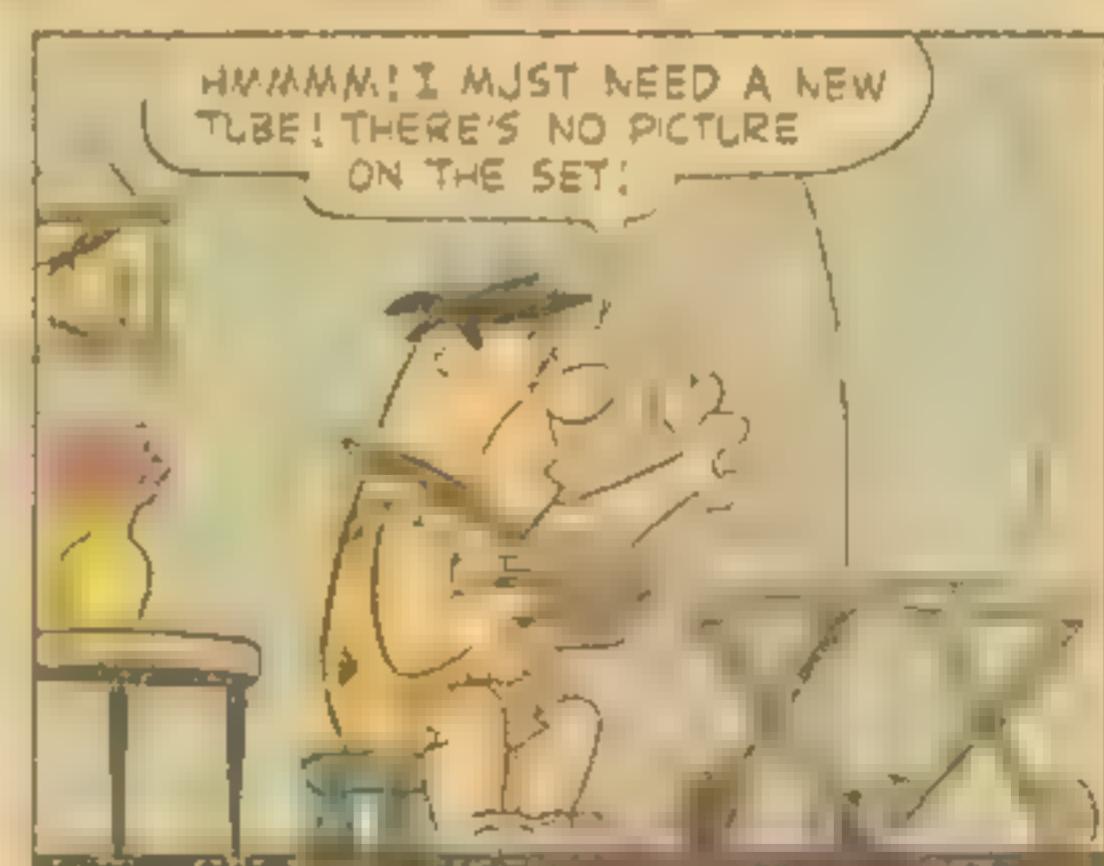
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THE FLINTSTONES

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

HI, BARNEY!
WHY SO GLUM?

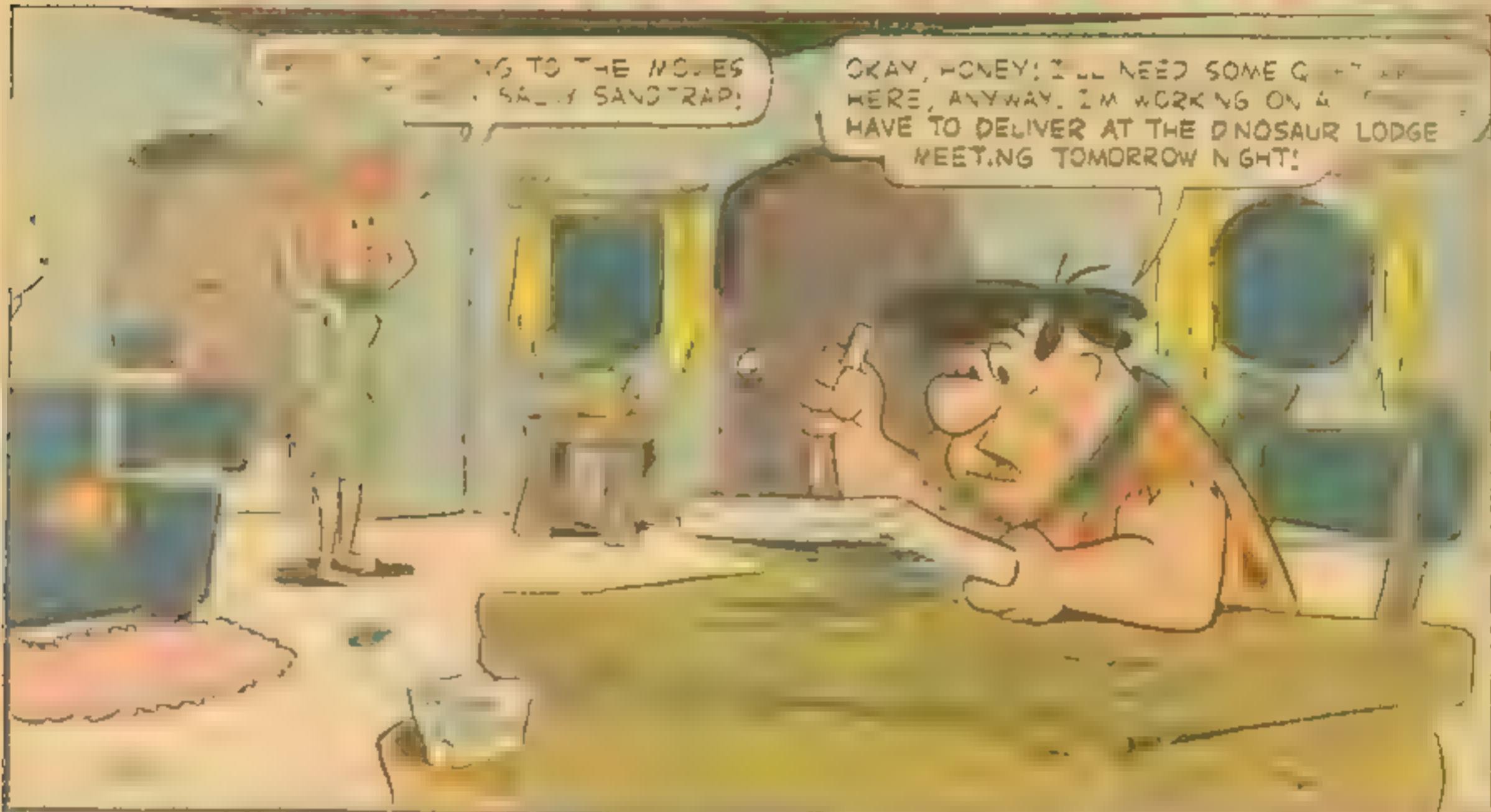
AWW, I JUST STARTED MY
NEW JOB AT THE COLLECTION
AGENCY, AND I DON'T FEEL
RIGHT ABOUT IT!

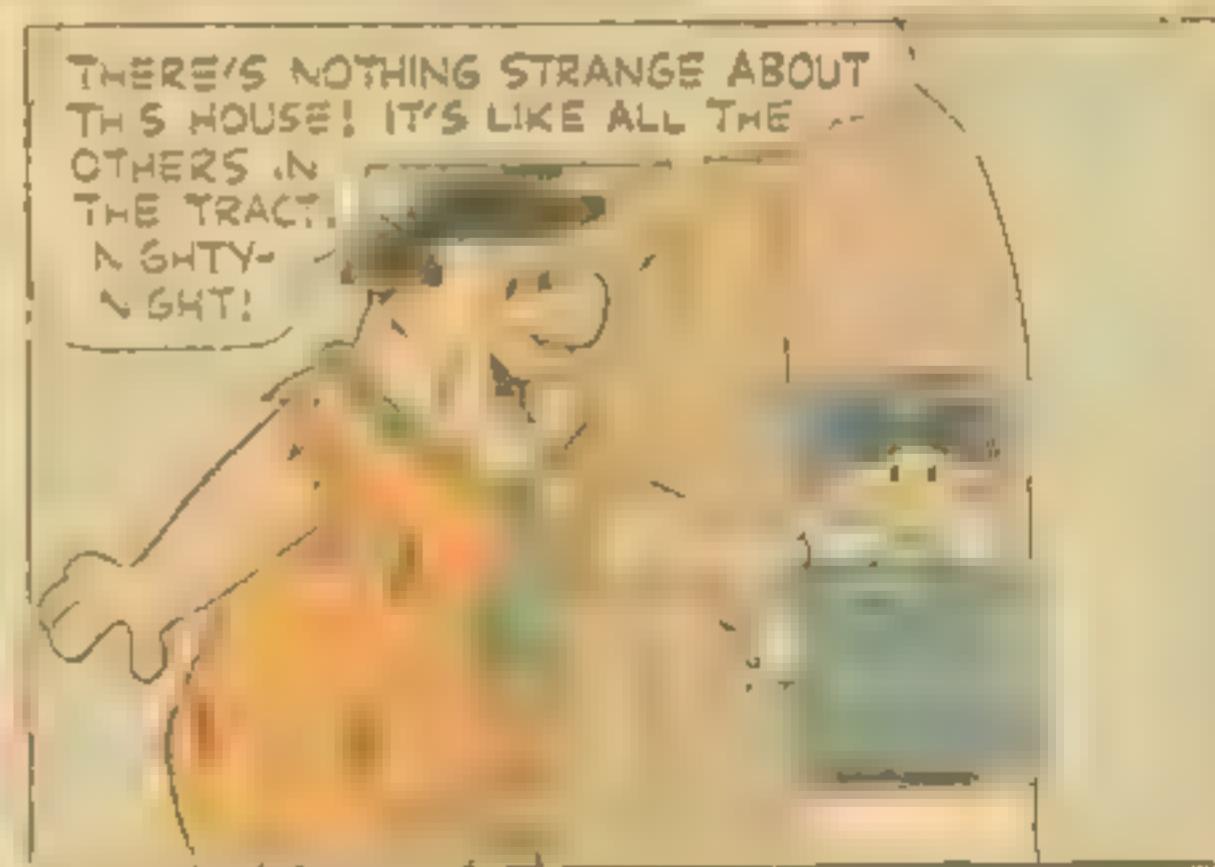


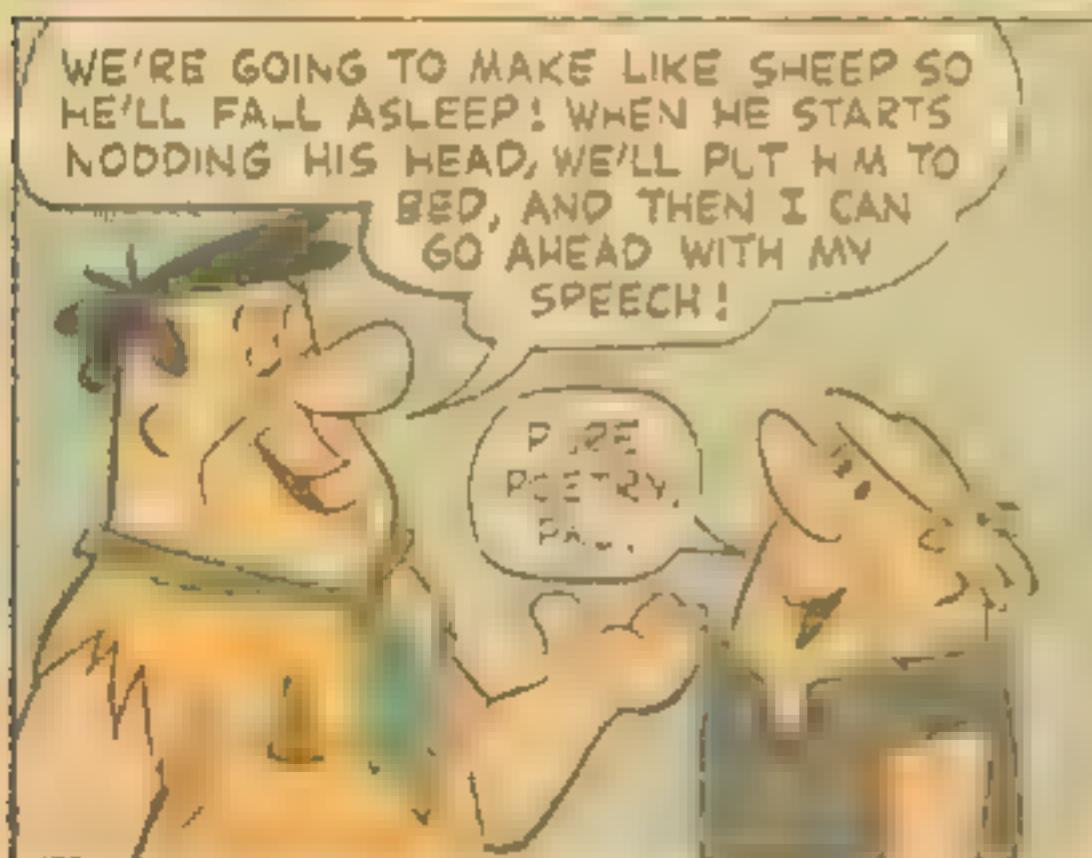
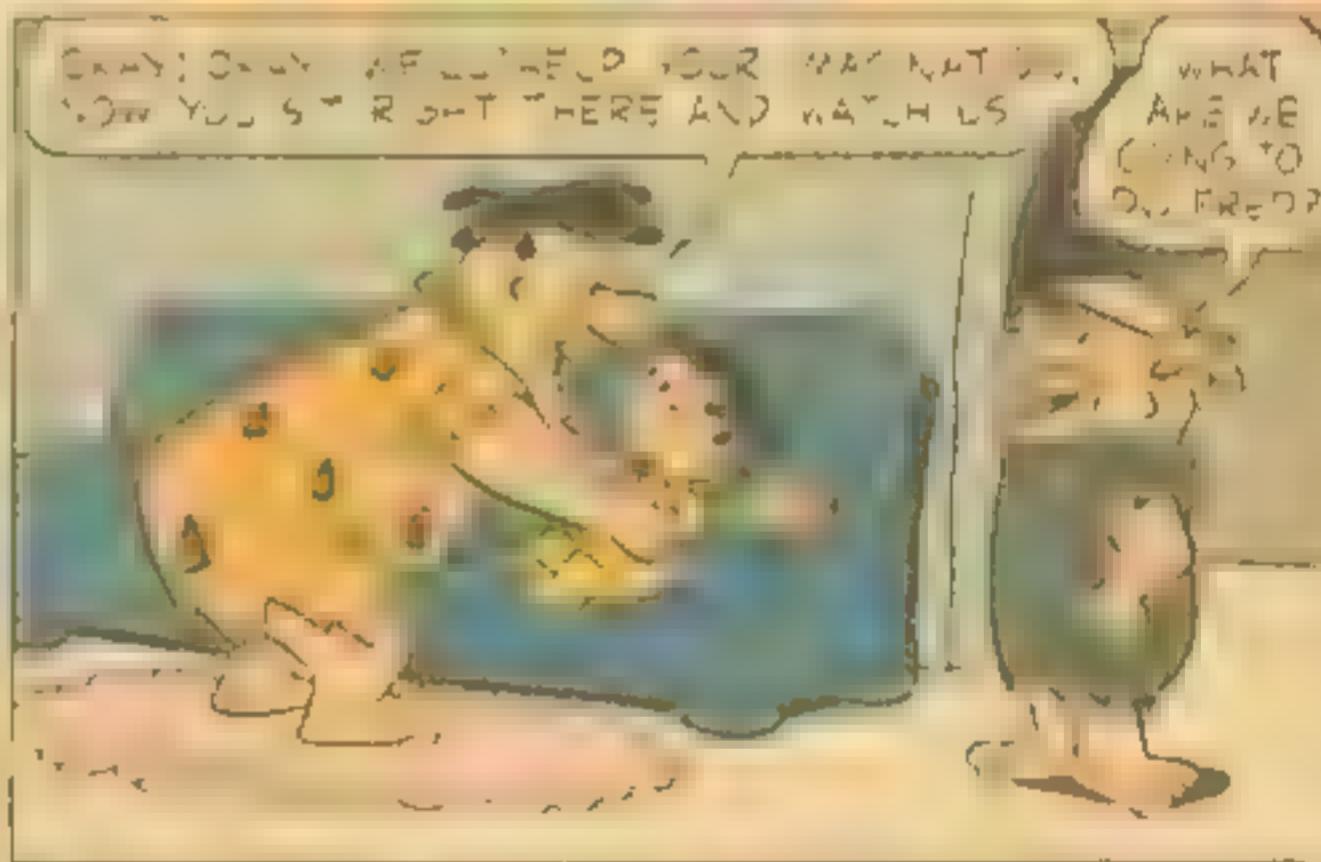


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A CASE OF SLEEPIES







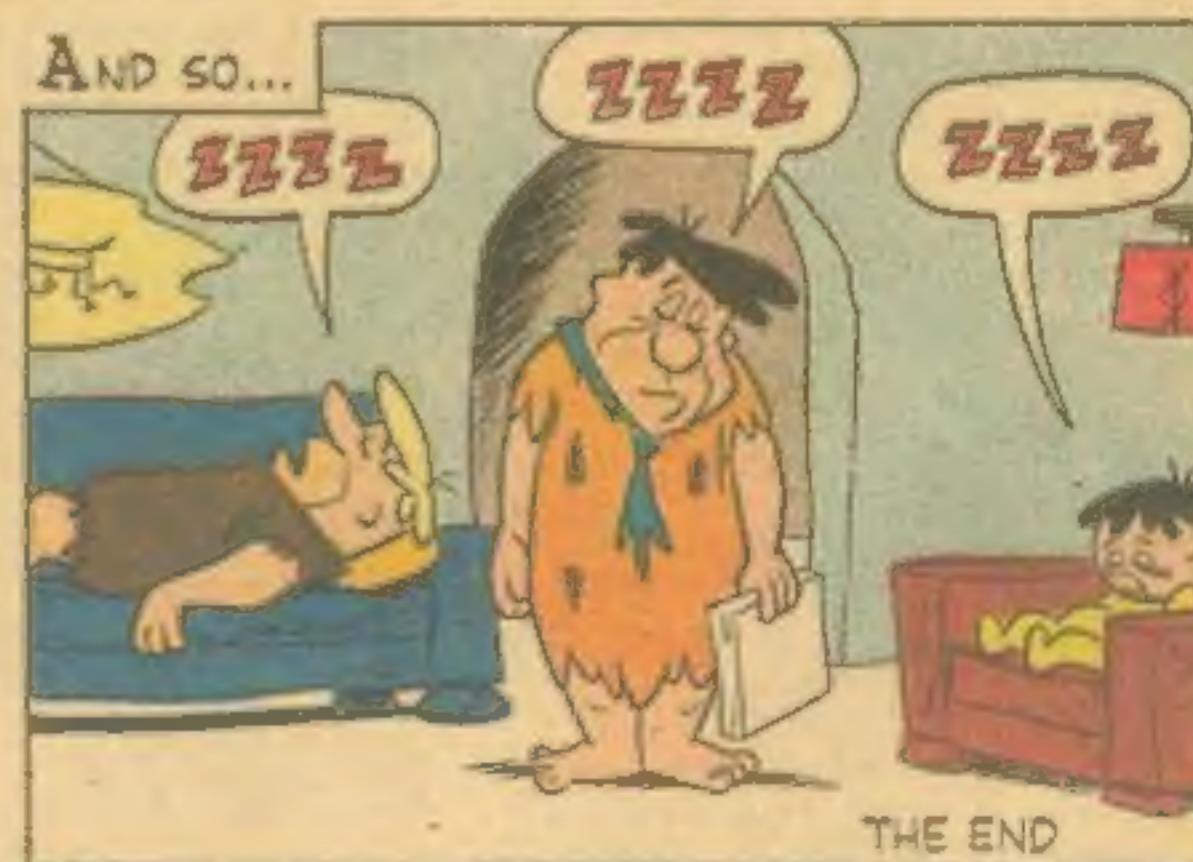
LOTS OF LEAPS LATER...



(SIGH) I GUESS THAT IDEA WON'T WORK! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE!

LET'S SING HIM A LULLABY!

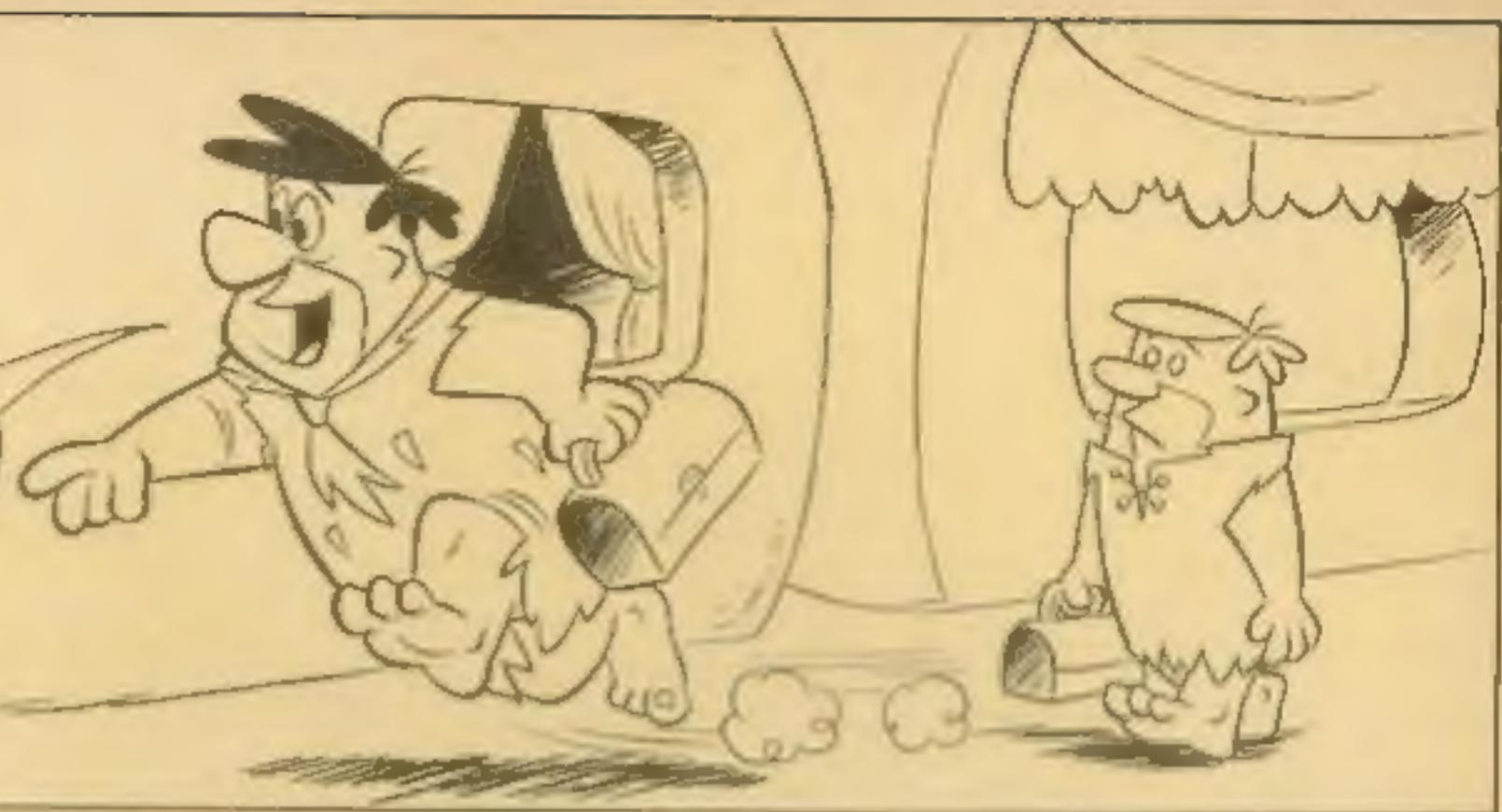




THE FLINTSTONES

THE MASKED RIDER

UH OH! I JUST
REMEMBERED! MY FAVORITE
TV PROGRAM IS ABOUT TO
BEGIN! I'VE GOT TO GET
HOME IN A HURRY!



THIS IS
THE BIG
NIGHT!

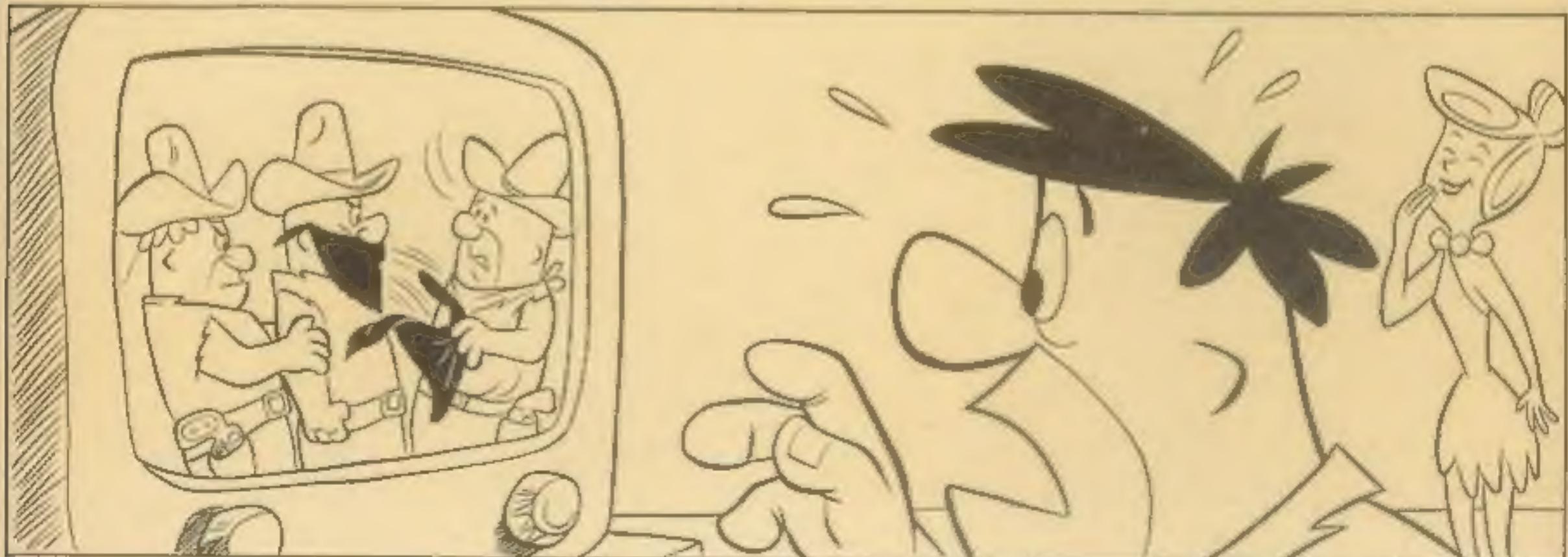
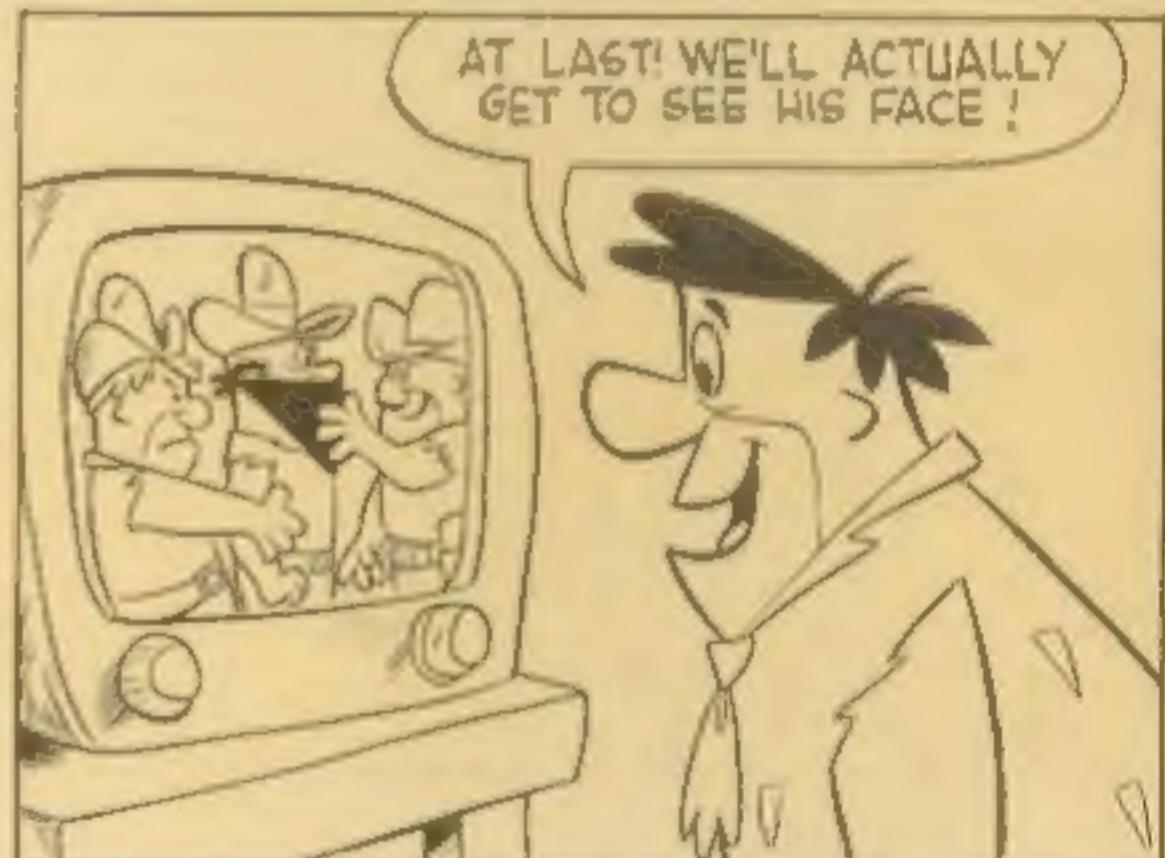
TONIGHT I'LL FIND OUT WHO HE
REALLY IS!

WHAT'S
IT ALL ABOUT
THIS TIME,
FRED?



TONIGHT THEY'RE GOING
TO REVEAL WHO THE
MASKED RIDER
REALLY IS!

AT LAST! WE'LL ACTUALLY
GET TO SEE HIS FACE!



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THE FLINTSTONES

BIG CATCH

